

No Man's Land, by Martin Day

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[Part One]

(A bell chimes. Men chanting 'die' before weapons fire and screams.)

HEX: (gasps) What the? Doctor?

ACE: Hex.

HEX: Ace.

ACE: It's okay.

HEX: Where are we?

ACE: We're safe. You do remember the blast?

HEX: I... Yeah, I remember a light, and a noise. My ears are still ringing.

ACE: Give them time. They'll recover.

HEX: You're sure, are ya?

ACE: I know we're alive, and that's all that matters. Oh, if that shell had landed any closer...

HEX: Shell?

ACE Well, maybe it was a shell. Maybe it was a mine. You know, I didn't hang around to check. I was too busy flying through the air.

HEX: Where's the Doctor?

ACE: He's over here. I can't feel a pulse, but his chest is moving.

HEX: I ought to check that he's okay.

ACE: Oh, it's all right. He does this sort of thing from time to time. We'd be better off working out where we are.

HEX: I can remember mud, barbed wire. Oh, and that stench.

ACE: I meant, where we are in this building.

HEX: Oh.

ACE: Yeah, I've got a very bad feeling about where we are in the wider sense.

HEX: Well... (sniff) Someone must have brought us here, right? And where do they bring injured people?

ACE: Ah. Antiseptic. I *knew* you'd recognise the smell.

HEX: So it's a hospital. Some sort of room off the main ward.

ACE: I've tried it - we're locked in.

HEX: What sort of hospital keeps the doors locked?

ACE: One that isn't sure which side we're on.

DOCTOR: (weakly) What year is it, Ace?

HEX: Doctor!

ACE: Oh, decided to join us at last.

DOCTOR: I've been listening in for quite a while now.

HEX: Let me have a look at ya. Doctor?

DOCTOR: You can't find a pulse.

HEX: Not a thing. Some sort of emergency system shutdown?

DOCTOR: Something like that. Oh. Can't even open my eyes. Ace? Tell me what you see.

ACE: Mmm, mildew.

DOCTOR: Oh, very specific.

ACE: Mildew, peeling paint. Looks like an old farmhouse, but you can taste the dampness in the air. It's all seen better days.

HEX: It looks like Earth, but it's before my time.

DOCTOR: Why do you say that?

HEX: Well, the pattern on the wallpaper. I'm very good with wallpaper.

ACE: Shh!

DOCTOR: I think Ace's fears are well-founded.

ACE: Will you both shut up for a moment?

HEX: Sorry?

ACE: I can hear music.

(An old gramophone record playing "When The Boys Come Marching Back To Blighty" by Harry Cove. Knock on door.)

BROOK : Come.

(Door opens.)

WOOD: Sorry to trouble you, Lieutenant-Colonel Brook. Orders from base.

(Music stops.)

BROOK: Thank you, Sergeant. How are our guests?

WOOD: I think they're conscious, sir. Voices have been heard.

BROOK: Excellent. I shall see them presently, and then... Good God. These orders. Did the usual lad bring them?

WOOD: I'm not absolutely certain, sir. Would you like me to enquire?

BROOK: Yes, do that. I'll see our guests immediately.

WOOD: Anything else, sir?

BROOK: Yes, Wood. I want you to double the patrols within the building.

WOOD: Is there a problem, sir?

BROOK: If these orders are to be believed, there soon will be.

DOCTOR: I think we've landed in the middle of the First World War.

HEX: And you could tell all that from a song?

DOCTOR: It confirmed my suspicions.

ACE: I did First World War poetry at school. You know - er, Wilfred Owen, and Siegfried Sassoon.

DOCTOR: Then you'll know that this isn't the most pleasant of environments.

HEX: We... we should get out of here. You know, back to the Tardis.

DOCTOR: Perhaps. But I must warn you - as long as we're here...

(Three knocks on the door.)

DOCTOR: Strange. I thought you said we were locked in.

ACE: We are.

DOCTOR: Oh. I suppose a little politeness can cover a multitude of sins. Come in!

(Door unlocked and opened.)

BROOK: Gentlemen, madam, I must apologise for your harsh and undignified treatment. I'm Lieutenant-Colonel Brook.

DOCTOR: Delighted to meet you, Lieutenant-Colonel. Forgive me if I don't get up. I'm afraid I'm not entirely conscious. I'm the Doctor and these are my friends Ace and Hex.

BROOK: Madam, I must assure you that we are not in the habit of incarcerating the fairer sex.

HEX: (laughs) It's been a while since Ace has been called that.

ACE: Ignore him, Colonel. He's in a lot of pain. (sotto) Or soon will be.

BROOK: When we found your party, you were all suffering from concussion. Though the young man here was crying out for the doctor, I hadn't realised he might be referring to you.

DOCTOR: Where were we found?

BROOK: Too damn close to the Boche line, if you ask me. Oh my dear, I do apologise. Doctor, are you sure you're all right?

DOCTOR: Yes. All six of my senses seem to be intact, thank you. I think we've been wasting quite enough of your time, Lieutenant-Colonel. We should be about our business.

BROOK: Indeed, indeed. Your orders.

DOCTOR: My orders?

BROOK: They've just arrived. As soon as I read them I came straight over. If I'd have known earlier I can assure you I would not have left you in this room.

DOCTOR: No need to apologise, Lieutenant-Colonel. Perhaps we could go over my orders elsewhere.

BROOK: But of course. Please, come to my office. It's up on the first floor. Splendid view of the grounds.

DOCTOR: One more thing. I'm still a little dazed.

BROOK: Yes, yes, you must be.

DOCTOR: Where are we, Lieutenant-Colonel?

BROOK: Charnage Hospital.

DOCTOR: And that is...?

BROOK: About five miles from the front. Nearest town is Arras.

DOCTOR: And the year?

BROOK: Why, Doctor, it's 1917, of course.

DOCTOR: Of course.

DUDGEON: It's very good of you to show me around, Sergeant Wood.

WOOD: Just following orders, Captain.

DUDGEON: I happened to mention that I thought the set-up here rather odd. Next thing I know Lieutenant-Colonel Brook's invited me to inspect the whole kit and caboodle.

WOOD: Odd, sir?

DUDGEON: I meant that in a positive way, Sergeant. Facilities are much improved from what I'd expect.

WOOD: Resources are coming through all the time. The war's swinging in our favour at last.

DUDGEON: Perhaps, perhaps. And the ratio of staff to patients?

WOOD: There are usually about twenty injured men, sir. A handful of assigned soldiers. Six nurses.

DUDGEON: And no doctor?
WOOD: The Lieutenant-Colonel oversees all treatments, sir.
DUDGEON: And he's qualified?
WOOD: I've never seen anything happen that hasn't been for the good of the men.
DUDGEON: I'm sure you're right.
WOOD: I thought I'd start by showing you the Morning Hate, sir.
DUDGEON: Routine is commendable, but surely a hospital doesn't need a daily stand-to?
WOOD: Things are rather different here, sir.

(Door opens.)
TAYLOR: Come on, kill 'em. Get the Boche!
DUDGEON: Good Lord!
WOOD: The Lieutenant-Colonel believes the men should be reminded of the enemy. It helps the men stay focused.
DUDGEON: Fascinating. And they're listening to phonographic recordings?
WOOD: The Lieutenant-Colonel's own collection, sir.
DUDGEON: Isn't that Hindenburg?
WOOD: Could be the Kaiser himself, for all I know.
TAYLOR: Come on, kill 'em. Get the Boche!
(The soldiers chant 'Die, die!')
DUDGEON: What happens next?
WOOD: You see those dummies in German uniform? A whistle is blown, and the men fire. Blank rounds, sir. It's a way of releasing the anger.
TAYLOR: Kill them. Kill them all.
DUDGEON: I say, it's Taylor, isn't it? Private Taylor?
TAYLOR: Kill them. Kill them all!
WOOD: Come along, Captain Dudgeon. You can talk to the men later.
(Chant of 'die!', whistle blows, weapons fire and shouting.)

(Door opens.)
BROOK: My office, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Thank you.
(Door closes.)
BROOK: Er, would your assistants be more comfortable outside?
ACE: We work together.
HEX: We have no secrets.
DOCTOR: Very much the team effort, you might say.
BROOK: I see. Very well, you'd better all sit down. Your orders, Doctor. To be honest, I'm still endeavouring to establish their veracity, but er, communication has been a problem recently.
HEX: What does it say?
DOCTOR: In a nutshell, it informs Lieutenant-Colonel Brook to expect the arrival of a senior official and his two companions. The Army adviser prefers to be known as the Doctor, and every possible assistance is to be given to him and his party.
ACE: We're expected, then? That makes a change.
HEX: Nice trick, Doc.
DOCTOR: (sotto) It was no trick.
HEX: Huh?
DOCTOR: And there's more, isn't there, Lieutenant-Colonel Brook?
BROOK: Indeed, yes.
DOCTOR: These orders state that the Doctor and his colleagues will investigate a murder. A murder that is due to take place over the next twenty four hours.
ACE: What?
DOCTOR: It would seem that His Majesty's Army has sent us to investigate a crime that hasn't been committed yet.

(Gramophone record playing "Belgium Put The Kibosh On The Kaiser" by Mark Sheridan while someone is typing on a manual typewriter.)
DUDGEON: Taylor? Taylor? Bert?
TAYLOR: Blimey. Captain Dudgeon. It's good to see you.
DUDGEON: It's been a long time, Bert.
TAYLOR: It has. When did you get here?
DUDGEON: Only just arrived. Shrapnel wound to the hip. Hurts like jiggery, but I'll live. Never thought I'd see you hammering away at a typewriter, Bert.

TAYLOR: You've obviously never seen my handwriting, sir.

DUDGEON: (laughs) Who are you writing to?

TAYLOR: It's my girl. Lily. Scared witless, she is. I want to keep her spirits up, but I don't know how much gets through.

DUDGEON: I know a chap who was soundly rebuked for describing the ruins of Monchy-au-Bois in a letter to his old mum. So next time he writes, 'mustn't mention the place by name, Mother, in case the Germans find out there's been a battle there.'

(They laugh.)

TAYLOR: I like to remember that there's a world beyond the war. Last time I was back, we had a fish supper in this little place in Selly Oak. It was like nothing had changed.

DUDGEON: The Home Front seems such a long way away.

TAYLOR: When I came here, well, I was hoping I'd have a nice Blighty wound, get me back to my cushy life.

DUDGEON: You're not the first to hope for that. What happened?

TAYLOR: It was a small night raid a couple of days before a big push. Do you remember Billy Collingswood? Billy reckons it was a bad place for that sort of show, but I said to him, once plans are in place...

DUDGEON: How are you now?

TAYLOR: I reckon my days of playing centre-half are over, but... I can soldier on.

DUDGEON: You're ready to return to the Front?

TAYLOR: Not my job to say, sir. There's more to the readiness of a fighting man than his physical health. At least, that's what Lieutenant-Colonel Brook always says. Body and mind.

DUDGEON: I saw you earlier at the Morning Hate. I came over, but you seemed somewhat... preoccupied?

TAYLOR: I'm sorry, sir. I didn't mean...

DUDGEON: That's quite all right. Just one thing, though.

TAYLOR: What's that, sir?

DUDGEON: Do stop calling me sir. I'm here as an injured man, Bert, just like you. We're in this together.

DOCTOR: Well, Lieutenant-Colonel, I really should start my investigations. Time is of the essence.

BROOK: Of course.

ACE: Doctor?

DOCTOR: Yes?

ACE: What are you investigating? Nothing's happened yet.

DOCTOR: Those orders state something is about to happen, so...

HEX: You're not taking this seriously?

DOCTOR: The Lieutenant-Colonel certainly is.

BROOK: My superiors believe a murder is imminent. Who am I to argue with 'em?

DOCTOR: Absolutely right, Lieutenant-Colonel Brook.

HEX: But surely you're not...

DOCTOR: Where would any of us be if we questioned our orders?

ACE: All right, Doctor. What's the plan?

DOCTOR: Well, we need to get to know everyone in this hospital. Every member of staff, every patient. Each is a potential victim or a potential killer. Now, perhaps you wouldn't mind showing me around, Lieutenant-Colonel?

BROOK: I'd be happy to, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Do you find it difficult? No longer being at the front, I mean?

BROOK: (receding) I will of course serve my country in any way I can. However, I do admit to a certain sense of frustration. This way.

ACE: Right. Time for us to get to work.

HEX: Work?

ACE: You heard the Doctor. Time for some snooping.

(A squad marching nearby.)

BROOK: At eleven o'clock sharp the men assemble here for training, and again in the afternoon.

DOCTOR: I see. I must say the patients in the hospital all look very healthy. It's imperative that the men are fit for service in body and mind. Of course, not everyone is quite up to this level of exertion. Take Private Taylor here.

TAYLOR: Sir.

BROOK: He's not got the stamina he once had. We expect him to complete the morning session, but not the afternoon one. This fellow is called the Doctor. He was sent over from base to see how we do things.

TAYLOR: Hello, sir.

DOCTOR: Delighted to meet you, Private.

BROOK: Private Taylor was brought in with a badly mashed foot.

DOCTOR: A mine?

TAYLOR: Canister, sir.

DOCTOR: And how are you feeling now?

TAYLOR: Fighting fit. I'm... I'm looking forward to going back up the line.

BROOK: That's the spirit, eh Doctor?

DOCTOR: Hmm? Yes. Very commendable, I'm sure.

HEX: I wish we could just go back to the Tardis.

ACE: What's eating you, Hex? We've been in tight spots before. You know what it's like.

HEX: Yeah, but I've never been to the First World War before. At school we didn't just do the poetry, we did the facts. Four years, eight million people killed.

ACE: All this, it happened, whether you were here to see it or not.

HEX: Maybe you're right. But I don't appreciate the Doctor suddenly ending up in the pocket of the British Army.

ACE: What?

HEX: Look how he is around Brook.

ACE: Oh, it's just an act. You must have realised that, Hex.

HEX: Where would any of us be if we questioned our orders? He was looking at me, Ace.

ACE: You know how protective the Doctor is of Earth history.

HEX: So he was telling us not to cause any trouble?

ACE: Yeah, well, look what happened last time, in Ireland.

HEX: Thanks for that.

ACE: Sorry. Try seeing things from the Doctor's point of view. If... I don't know... Wilfred Owen's recuperating on one of the wards and I rush up to him and congratulate him on a poem he's not even written yet...

HEX: But even so...

ACE: It's bad enough that we end up in the First World War, but it seems someone's expecting us. Someone is encouraging us to tamper with history.

HEX: This is all just some weird coincidence.

ACE: Yeah, but what if it isn't? What if there *is* going to be a murder?

HEX: But what happens if we do stop it? You just said we shouldn't mess around with history.

ACE: I don't know, Hex. But I'm not going to stand around while someone's killed in cold blood.

HEX: We're in the Great War, Ace. Out there people are being killed all the time.

ACE: All right. But all I know is, we're here for a reason. We always are.

HEX: I suppose we're going to have to be careful.

ACE: That's an understatement. We can influence things without even meaning to. Each soldier in this hospital is just concerned with surviving, with doing their bit. But we know what happens next. If we let slip something we shouldn't, if we even call it the *First* World War. Imagine fighting your way through the war to end all wars, only to realise that in twenty years time part two kicks off.

HEX: Hell, yeah. Imagine.

(Gramophone record playing "When Tommy Comes Marching Home" by Harry Marlow.)

DUDGEON: Ah, Bert. Fancy a smoke?

TAYLOR: Wouldn't say no, Captain. I've only been watching the men train and I'm worn out.

DUDGEON: Just make sure the nurses don't catch you.

TAYLOR: Don't worry, I'm a past master. Make a single Woodbine last a week if I'm careful. Anyway, I reckon the nurses turn a blind eye after a while.

DUDGEON: I've always said cigarettes are the best cure if you're suffering from trench mouth. Nobody believes me.

TAYLOR: Well, if people listened to good advice maybe none of us would be here.

DUDGEON: Careful, old man. If Sergeant Wood hears you when you're in one of your moods...

TAYLOR: Let him. He's got no time for the likes of us.

DUDGEON: What do you mean?

TAYLOR: Wood's a professional soldier. He looks down his nose at folk who enlisted. And don't get him started on what he calls the amateur officers.

DUDGEON: I did sense a certain hostility, I fear. I'm told he's a damn fine soldier, but an absolute pig if you get on the wrong side of him.

TAYLOR: I can't say I like the way that Wood and his men keep themselves to themselves either. It's like they're planning something.

DUDGEON: I'm sure they've been through a lot.

TAYLOR: Maybe. But they give me the creeps.

DUDGEON: Reminds me a little of Sergeant-Major Holmes. You may have encountered him at Army School. Beastly man. Lover of the bayonet. There's only one only good German and that's a dead one, he used to say. But don't waste too much steel on him. Three inches will do. Six inches and you'll be covered in Fritz's claret and not able to get the bally thing out.

TAYLOR: Yeah, me and Billy always had bayonet practice with him. He made quite an impression on us raw

recruits, let me tell you.

DUDGEON: How is Billy?

TAYLOR: Oh, he's fine. He's the sort who'd tread in dog muck and find a florin, pardon the expression. I like being around Billy. Always reckon his luck'll rub off on me. And I suppose it did. It was Billy who dragged me from the battlefield.

HEX: Just think. There's guys younger than me out there in the trenches. Thousands of them will never get home. I don't think I could do what they're doing.

ACE: I don't think they have much... Oi! Who's there?

HEX: Ace?

ACE: Come on, let's move.

HEX: What's the rush?

ACE: Behind us. Someone's been listening in.

HEX: Who?

ACE: A Sergeant, I think. Just caught a glimpse of his stripes.

HEX: You always think people are spying on us.

ACE: Yeah, and I'm almost always right. When I looked back, he turned tail. I'd say that was pretty conclusive, wouldn't you?

HEX: Maybe the word's got out.

ACE: What do you mean?

HEX: Our arrival won't have gone unnoticed, and perhaps the murderer knows we're on to him.

ACE: Or perhaps people generally just don't want us sticking our noses in.

HEX: And how far might they go to stop us?

ACE: You mean, murder?

HEX: Why not? We know one's supposed to be on the cards.

ACE: And who's to say the victim won't be me? Or you?

HEX: Or the Doctor. I'm going to go and find him. He needs to know this.

("When Johnny Comes Marching Home" song being played on a gramophone in the background.)

BURRIDGE: Royal flush. Thanks, boys.

WOOD: Here. What's going on, Burridge?

BURRIDGE: Just thought we'd have a little game, Sarge. While away the time.

WOOD: Our boys are at this very moment spilling their guts fighting the Hun. You think they'd like to imagine you lot here playing cards?

BURRIDGE: Sorry sir. While you were gone, I thought...

WOOD: Shut your mouth, Lance-Corporal, before I introduce it to my fist.

DOCTOR: Good evening, gentlemen! Mind if I join you?

WOOD: Who the hell are you?

DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor.

BURRIDGE: You're a civilian medic?

DOCTOR: You could say that. Lieutenant-Colonel Brook has instructed me to observe procedures within the hospital.

WOOD: Is there a problem?

DOCTOR: I don't know yet.

WOOD: This is no place for civilians. Unless you're going to stop wasting time and patch up some of the poor boys down there.

DOCTOR: You and your men seem well enough.

WOOD: We're not malingerers, if that's what you mean.

HEX: Doctor?

DOCTOR: Hmm? Ah. There you are, Hex. Sergeant Wood, this is my colleague Hex.

WOOD: If you don't mind, me and my men are going to turn in for the night.

HEX: Doctor, I need to talk to you.

WOOD: What brought you and your men here, Sergeant Wood?

WOOD: German bullets and shells. What do you think?

DOCTOR: What happened?

BURRIDGE: An assault on a position. We were outnumbered.

DOCTOR: Each of you must have lost many good friends.

WOOD: No one's happy about what went on. But as soon as we're told, we'll be back up the line, don't you worry about that.

DOCTOR: What was the objective of the assault?

WOOD: What's that got to do with how the hospital's run?

DOCTOR: The, er, report I'm compiling, well, it has to be thorough.

WOOD: Lieutenant-Colonel Brook can give you the chapter and verse. Good night, Doctor.

DOCTOR: But I'm intrigued by your continued presence here, and...
HEX: Doctor?
DOCTOR: What's the matter, Hex?
HEX: Listen. If there's some sort of time anomaly here, if there is about to be a murder, you should be careful.
DOCTOR: What do you mean?
HEX: Well, there's nothing to stop you from being the victim. Or me, or Ace for that matter.
DOCTOR: Good thinking, Mister Hex.
HEX: Yeah, so don't go round winding people up. It's obvious this Wood bloke is volatile. And we think we saw someone spying on us earlier. Ace swears it was a Sergeant.
DOCTOR: I see. And where is Ace?
HEX: Well, she's doing what you said, playing Miss Marple. I just hope she's less of a bull in a china shop than you.

(Match struck.)

ACE: Good evening.
DUDGEON: Oh. Hello there.
ACE: Smoking's very bad for you, you know.
DUDGEON: Only on the Front. Gives the snipers something to aim at. Captain Dudgeon, by the way. You're not one of the nurses, are you?
ACE: No. I'm here with some colleagues. Base has ordered an investigation.
DUDGEON: Oh, that's your lot, is it? What are you investigating exactly?
ACE: Ah, can't say.
DUDGEON: Hmm. Fair enough.
ACE: I'm off-duty, though. Can I join you?
DUDGEON: Mmm. Please do, Miss, er...?
ACE: Oh, just Ace.
DUDGEON: Did I hear correctly that you and your friends were found wandering out in No Man's Land?
ACE: We did get a little lost.
DUDGEON: Huh! I'm told a line of field kitchens took a wrong turn the other day. Almost ended up doing the breakfast for the Fritzes.
ACE: I can't believe how quiet it is out here.
DUDGEON: Even if you're going up the line, you pass fields of poppies and corn, farmers working the land. I don't think I've seen so many skylarks in all my life. I can't work out which is the real world and which is the false one.
ACE: It must be awful, what you've been through.
DUDGEON: I wonder sometimes if I'm not rather a mug for being here. I volunteered, though I'm no soldier. Brave Sergeant Wood and his men have no time for people like me.
ACE: No one should have to go to war like this. This Sergeant Wood, perhaps he's not brave at all. Perhaps he's too thick to do anything else.
DUDGEON: No, you're trying to trap me now. I will not speak ill of any soldier.
ACE: How long have you been in France?
DUDGEON: Ever since Mons. I think three years is long enough. I'm going inside now. I think the wind's picking up.

("A Little Bit Of Cucumber" by Harry Champion playing on a gramophone. Knocks on door.)

BROOK: Enter.

(Door opens.)

WOOD: Lieutenant-Colonel, sir.

BROOK: Come in, Sergeant.

WOOD: Thank you, Lieutenant-Colonel.

BROOK: So, have you been able to observe our new arrivals?

WOOD: Yes, sir.

BROOK: What do you make of the lad, and the girl?

WOOD: The woman? She's strong. She knows her own mind. I wouldn't want to cross her.

BROOK: I can think of no higher recommendation, Sergeant. And the boy?

WOOD: He's trouble. I heard him near enough admit he was a coward. I just don't understand why he's working for the Army, sir.

BROOK: Mmm, Well, I have my own doubts on that score, Sergeant.

WOOD: I can see Captain Dudgeon being a problem as well, sir. He's clearly a bad influence on men like Taylor. They've served together before, you see, and I know they're quite happy to talk about leaving the war behind, one way or another.

BROOK: Then our priority must be Dudgeon and the young man. And if tonight we can turn up the heat on

Taylor as well, so much the better.

DUDGEON: I say, everything all right down there?

BURRIDGE: Sorry, sir. Just dropped something.

DUDGEON: I don't think we've been introduced. I'm Captain Dudgeon. I believe you're one of Sergeant Wood's little band.

BURRIDGE: Burrige, sir. Lance-Corporal. Best not shake your hand, sir. Mine are... mine are greasy, sir.

DUDGEON: Oh. Right. Well, is there anything I can help you with? You do seem rather...

BURRIDGE: That's quite all right, sir.

DUDGEON: I was searching for the kitchens, I don't suppose you know if I'm heading in the right direction?

BURRIDGE: Sorry, sir, I've got to be going.

DUDGEON: Oh.

WOOD: Oi! You there. Put your hands up.

HEX: Okay, okay, I was only going for a walk.

WOOD: Turn around. Let me have a good look at ya.

HEX: All right, Sergeant. See? I'm not even armed.

WOOD: Where were you going?

HEX: Like I said, I was just going for a walk.

WOOD: What, at this time of night?

HEX: I needed some fresh air. It's not a crime, is it?

WOOD: Looks to me like you were heading for the gate. For all I know you were deserting.

HEX: Oh, don't be daft. I'm a civilian. How can I desert? And besides, when I arrived here I was unconscious. I don't even know the way back.

WOOD: Way back where?

HEX: Doesn't matter. Look, I'm with the Doctor. We're here to investigate the hospital, not the other way round.

WOOD: You'd better explain yourself to Lieutenant-Colonel Brook. Whatever you are, I'm sure he outranks ya.

HEX: Brook's seen our orders. We're special advisers to the Army.

WOOD: I've got a better idea. Something that'd suit a good patriotic bloke like you!

HEX: Hey! Let go of me.

WOOD: I don't think you've seen the inside of the Hate Room yet, have ya? A little session on your own is just what the doctor ordered.

HEX: Is that supposed to be funny?

WOOD: Oh no, mate. I don't do jokes. If you're so keen to do some investigating, you can do all the investigating you want locked up in the Hate Room. And don't worry about being interrupted, sir. The Morning Hate isn't for another, oh, six hours or so.

BROOK: That's better. I think we're in for another cold night, Private.

TAYLOR: Yes, sir. Seems that way.

BROOK: I'm sorry to drag you away from your nightly ablutions. I have some unfortunate news, and I didn't want to tell you in front of the men. Sit down, Taylor.

TAYLOR: Thank you, sir.

BROOK: I'm afraid I've just had word. William Collingswood. I remember the name from one of our previous chats.

TAYLOR: Billy Collingswood, yes, sir.

BROOK: I've seen his name on a list of fatalities. I'm very sorry. I know how close you both were.

TAYLOR: Poor Billy.

BROOK: I made an enquiry. It seems it was a most cowardly attack. Still, the Germans do like to wage war without honour and decency. Do you remember what I said the other day?

TAYLOR: Yes, sir.

BROOK: That's why we in turn have to show them no mercy. Each German death brings us one step closer to finishing this business off.

TAYLOR: You're right. Of course, sir. I think I've been expecting this. I've had so many nightmares over the last few days. But even so. Oh, poor Billy.

BROOK: These things make us stronger, Taylor, don't forget that.

TAYLOR: Yes, sir.

WOOD: Welcome to the Hate Room.

HEX: You're crazy. There's no way you're going to lock me in 'ere all night.

WOOD: We'll see.

HEX: What are you doing?

WOOD: Sit still, or I'll shoot ya. That's better. These straps have held bigger lads than you.

HEX: You've done this before?

WOOD: Oh yes. The Morning Hate binds the men together. Gives them a common enemy. But every now and then we need something for the individual.

(Sound of screaming.)

HEX: Oh, this is very subtle. What's it meant to represent?

WOOD: You are listening to the sounds of English women and children, as they will be if they live under the Hun. Those uniforms over there were stripped from the bodies of our enemies.

HEX: Your enemies, Wood, not mine.

WOOD: One thing I didn't tell ya. There are electrodes in the arm of your chair. Every time I flick this switch... (Sizzle of electricity. Hex screams.)

WOOD: This happens.

HEX: All right!

WOOD: I think you'll agree, it concentrates the mind. Now, I was talking about our enemies. Our *true* enemies. Not Lieutenant-Colonel Brook. Not this hospital. It's about time you worked out what side you're on.

HEX: I'm not on anyone's side.

WOOD: Then you *are* a coward. And in my book, that's worse. One last thing. We can't have you screaming every five minutes. Not at this time of night.

HEX: What are you doing?

WOOD: It's a tongue depressor. Your Doctor friend would know all about one of these, see. We don't want you hurting yourself, do we? There. Now, let's see if we can't knock a little sense into you.

(Sizzle of electricity. Hex screams.)

DOCTOR: I think we've done as much as we can tonight.

ACE: Marvellous. I'm looking forwards to a really good night's sleep. Not sure what to be most frightened of, lice or rats.

DOCTOR: This is luxury compared to the Front, Ace. You know, I still can't work out why most of these men are here. Perhaps I should ask Hex for his informed medical opinion. Where is he, by the way?

ACE: Dunno. Haven't seen him for a few hours. He seemed in a pretty foul mood.

DOCTOR: I wonder if Wood is hiding something. Something secret.

ACE: But soldiers don't like talking with civilians at the best of times.

DOCTOR: That's true.

ACE: Is that what I think it is?

DOCTOR: If you think that's a rat nailed to the door of our room, then you're right. Urgh!

ACE: What a mess!

DOCTOR: Mmm. Perhaps we should listen to Hex and tread carefully. Someone wishes we weren't here.

TAYLOR: There's only one good German and that's a dead one.

DOCTOR: Private Taylor, what are you doing out of bed?

TAYLOR: There's only one good German and that's a dead one. But don't waste too much steel on him.

ACE: Doctor, watch out.

DOCTOR: He's sleepwalking. Re-experiencing some pivotal event. I don't imagine the rifle's loaded.

ACE: It's his bayonet I'm worried about.

TAYLOR: There's only one good German and that's a dead one.

DOCTOR: It's all right, Private Taylor, you're just dreaming.

TAYLOR: There's only one good German and that's a dead one. But don't waste too much steel on him.

Three inches will do.

ACE: Taylor, lower the gun.

TAYLOR: Die! Die! Die! Die! Die!

DOCTOR: Taylor, stop!

[Part Two]

DOCTOR: Well done, Ace. Now, try to grab his arms.

ACE: I am trying!

DOCTOR: Now, listen to me, Taylor.

TAYLOR: What? Doctor.

DOCTOR: You're awake now.

TAYLOR: I was... back at the Army School. Bayonet practice.

ACE: It's okay. You were sleepwalking.

TAYLOR: It was so real.

DOCTOR: I wonder why you were dreaming about bayonet practice?

TAYLOR: I don't know. Can't think.

DOCTOR: Try. It's very important that you remember.

TAYLOR: It was as if Sergeant-Major Holmes had spoken to me. He was whispering in my ear. Said I was a coward.

DOCTOR: Has anyone called you a coward recently?

TAYLOR: Not sure.

BROOK: What's going on? What are you doing out of bed, Private?

ACE: We already tried that one.

DOCTOR: Everything's under control, Lieutenant-Colonel. No need to bother the staff. Private Taylor is a little confused, that's all.

ACE: More like he was in a trance.

BROOK: Sleepwalking again, eh Taylor? I'm sorry to say, Doctor, this isn't the first time Taylor's been found wandering about at night. Often gives the nurses a worry. Babbling to himself like some sort of lunatic.

ACE: Which is why you turned up mob-handed, like you were expecting him to attack someone?

BROOK: My dear, I was merely being cautious. I have the safety of everyone within this hospital to consider, not just one troubled soldier.

ACE: Well, if it's all the same to you, I think it's time Private Taylor was back in bed. Come on, soldier. I'll give you a hand.

BROOK: The rest of you, return to your posts.

DOCTOR: Has Taylor been violent before, Lieutenant-Colonel?

BROOK: Hmm, not as such, no.

DOCTOR: Do you have the final say over your patients returning to front-line combat? I was thinking, if Taylor's attacking people in his sleep...

BROOK: Oh, don't worry, Doctor. I'll not be recommending him for immediate return.

DOCTOR: But as an officer your instinct must be to have every fit man fighting the enemy.

BROOK: Mmm, perhaps. But a soldier rushed too speedily up to the trenches can be a liability. Look, can we talk in the morning? It is late.

DOCTOR: Of course. A good night's sleep is very important, don't you think? Incidentally, my young friend Hex appears to have gone missing.

BROOK: Missing?

DOCTOR: No one's seen him for several hours.

BROOK: Well, leave it with me. I shall have a word with the patrols. I'm sure they'll find something. Good night, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Good night, Lieutenant-Colonel. Sweet dreams.

ACE: Urgh, kippers.

DUDGEON: Mmm. The breakfast's quite the best thing about being here.

ACE: I don't do breakfast at the best of times, Captain.

DUDGEON: But it's the most important meal of the day. An army marches on its stomach, you know, an injured one especially.

ACE: Perhaps that's why someone nailed a rat to our door last night. It's a coded message just to shut up and enjoy the food.

DUDGEON: A rat? Now, that is interesting. I'd swear I saw Lance-Corporal Burrige with blood on his hands yesterday evening.

ACE: Burrige?

DUDGEON: One of Wood's cronies. I imagine it's the sort of thing he'd do if he thought you were poking your nose in.

ACE: You heard about Private Taylor?

DUDGEON: Oh yes. Is it true he actually tried to attack you?

ACE: Mmm hmm.

DUDGEON: I rather fear I may have precipitated something. We were speaking about the Army School. Must have back some bad memories. I trust the rest of your night was uneventful?

ACE: Not really. Hex has gone missing.

DUDGEON: Has anyone seen him?

ACE: No, but the Doctor's looking. Hex talked about going back to the Tardis.

DUDGEON: Tardis?

ACE: Our vehicle. It's the closest thing we've got to a home.

DUDGEON: The urge to find safety is very strong during wartime.

WOOD: That's just his way of saying he's a coward, Miss.

DUDGEON: Ah, Sergeant Wood. Delighted you could join us.

WOOD: Has the good Captain told you about Mons yet, Miss? About what he saw on the battlefield? And how he came to escape?

SOLDIER: Yeah.

ACE: No, but I don't see how...

WOOD: Perhaps coward isn't the right word, but Dudgeon here is too heavenly minded to be of any earthly

use to the soldiers around him. Isn't that true, Captain Dudgeon?

DUDGEON: Sergeant, if my reputation precedes me, if you already consider me a coward, I'm not sure there's anything I can say that will disavow you of that notion.

WOOD: (laughs) See, boys? That's what an Eton education brings ya. The ability to use long words, and the inability to do anything remotely useful with 'em.

ACE: And what gives you the right, Sergeant, to talk to an officer like that?

WOOD: You ask him, then. How does he feel about sitting 'ere, stuffing his face, when only a few miles away, our boys are fighting, and dying in the trenches.

DUDGEON: I am no happier here than you are, Wood. The anger you direct towards me... you're frustrated, I understand that.

WOOD: Understand this. If I were writing the reports on your state of mind, and not Lieutenant-Colonel Brook, I'd have you done for cowardice. I'd have you shot!

ACE: I'd like you to leave, now. Leave.

SOLDIER: Yeah.

ACE: And take your trained gorillas with you.

WOOD: Whatever you say, Miss.

DUDGEON: You shouldn't get on the wrong side of Wood, you know.

ACE: He shouldn't talk to you like that. He's only a Sergeant.

DUDGEON: True, but he's close to Brook, and I want to keep the Lieutenant-Colonel happy for as long as I can. Sergeant Wood, on the other hand, is a dangerous man. And the longer he's here, the more dangerous he becomes.

ACE: I can look after myself.

DUDGEON: I do believe you can. Your obvious bravery, my dear, only makes me feel worse than ever.

ACE: What do you mean?

DUDGEON: The other reason I keep quiet is that I agree with Wood. You see, I am a coward.

(Screams and German speeches on a gramophone. Needle pulled off the record.)

DOCTOR: Hex? Hex?

HEX: Kill them! Kill them all!

DOCTOR: Wake up, Hex.

HEX: Huh?

DOCTOR: It's all right. You're safe now. I've been looking everywhere for you. How you ended up here I don't know.

HEX: I went for a walk. I wanted to clear my head. And after that... I don't remember anything. Oh, my head's splitting.

DOCTOR: I'm not surprised. You've been in this chair for a while.

HEX: I'm aching all over. Ah, my arm.

DOCTOR: You've been injected. And not by an expert, by the look of it. Hmm, that might explain the short-term memory loss.

HEX: You mean I've been drugged?

DOCTOR: I imagine so.

HEX: What happens in here?

DOCTOR: Without putting too fine a point on it, it looks like a room where soldiers are brainwashed.

HEX: Brainwashing? No, it can't be.

DOCTOR: Why do you say that?

HEX: Surely the First World War's all about tanks and, and gas and stuff, not brainwashing.

DOCTOR: And yet Freud and Jung have already published major works. New colleges and research programmes are springing up all over Europe. Or were, until the war intervened. And when you see the conditions these soldiers fight in, well, you can understand why the human mind might be seen as the weak link in the chain.

HEX: But if you start going down that path, well, you end up with... the Cybermen or something. Just doesn't seem to fit.

DOCTOR: Perhaps you're right. Perhaps that's what we've been asked to investigate.

HEX: Are you still taking those orders seriously?

DOCTOR: I re-examined them yesterday while I was in Brook's office. They seemed so... boringly authentic, but how could anyone know we were coming?

HEX: And there's not been a murder.

DOCTOR: No, no crime to investigate, so why are we here? What's our purpose?

HEX: Very metaphysical.

DOCTOR: But isn't that exactly what we seem to be? Metaphysical detectives, investigating a murder that exists only as a thought, an impulse, a desire. It could be nothing, of course. Some strange little coincidence, a temporal glitch, a mere meaningless mistake in the footnote of time.

HEX: Either that, or the Army have taken to employing psychics.

DOCTOR: I'm not sure which explanation is the most worrying. You should go back to your room. Get some rest.

HEX: I'm fine, Doctor. Don't fuss.

DOCTOR: Please, Hex, for once, do as you're told. Your body's been through a terrible ordeal.

HEX: All right, all right. Where are you off to?

DOCTOR: I'm afraid you're not the only one to have had a disturbed night. Ace and I were attacked by Private Taylor. I have to find out how he is.

ACE: It's suddenly very quiet in here. Where's everyone gone, Dudgeon?

DUDGEON: The Morning Hate. I'm not quite up to it yet. But I ought to stretch my legs. Would you like to come with me?

ACE: Only if you tell me what happened to you.

DUDGEON: Fair bargain.

ACE: Can I help you?

DUDGEON: Oh, I'll be fine. Just pass me my stick. There we are.

ACE: So, the Battle of Mons. I've heard of it.

DUDGEON: Of course you have. I'll never forget it. Saturday the 22nd of August 1914. The first shot in the Great War between England and Germany, then the first battle, and the first retreat.

ACE: It didn't go well?

DUDGEON: Not for my platoon, no. I was the only survivor. People are entitled to think I behaved abominably, that I let the others down by not dying.

ACE: Oh, that's the most stupid thing I've ever heard.

DUDGEON: If things were different I might come to the same conclusion.

ACE: What happened?

DUDGEON: We were a couple of days west of Soissons. Our transport was well ahead of the column for fear of capture, so we'd been marching for days with very little food. I've never been so tired in all my life. Our Colonel was riding up and down congratulating us on our grit and our pluck. Then a runner came with a message. The Germans were coming at us from the woods. The Colonel yelled at us to form up, form up, but most of us didn't even have our boots on. We were ordered to charge into the woods to try to take them by surprise. Our platoon was almost immediately surrounded. They blazed at us from all sides. Chap next to me caught a couple in the gut, and as he was falling something stung my head. I tried to swat it away like a fly. I saw that my hand was covered in blood. Scalp wound, you see, bleeds like fury if it's not staunched. We ended up falling together. I passed out. I'm not proud of that, but if I hadn't...

ACE: I'm sorry. I didn't mean to upset you.

DUDGEON: It's your job to ask questions, and my job to answer them. I shouldn't react like this, I've told the story often enough.

ACE: None of this gives Wood the right to give you such a hard time.

DUDGEON: Ah, well I haven't quite finished. When I came to, the battle had moved on. I was as stiff as a board, surrounded by dead friends, dead Boche. But I wasn't on my own.

ACE: Someone had found you?

DUDGEON: When I opened my eyes... I saw an angel staring down at me.

(Typing.)

DOCTOR: Ah. Hello, Private Taylor.

TAYLOR: Morning, sir.

DOCTOR: I see you've been banished to the store rooms.

TAYLOR: I was getting up the noses of the men, clacking away. Don't blame them either, wanting to see the back of me, after what happened last night. I'm very sorry, Doctor. I never meant to...

DOCTOR: Don't mention it. It wasn't your fault.

TAYLOR: Honestly, sir. I've tried going to bed early, I've tried staying awake. I never had any problems at home.

DOCTOR: You're not in the habit of sleepwalking then?

TAYLOR: No. Leastways, if I am, no one's ever noticed before. And Dad's a light sleeper. He'd have heard.

DOCTOR: War does strange things to people. Post-traumatic stress disorder.

TAYLOR: Excuse me, sir?

DOCTOR: That's a fascinating typewriter you have. A Virotyp, isn't it? Army issue, hand-made in Paris.

TAYLOR: You may be right, sir. Lieutenant-Colonel Brook sometimes gets me to do some office work for him. You know, filing and that.

DOCTOR: Files? Yes.

TAYLOR: Anyway, I found this at the back of the stationery cupboard. Sometimes the T sticks, but a bit of oil, and normally it's as right as ninepence.

DOCTOR: And Brook is quite happy for you to express yourself in this way?

TAYLOR: Absolutely, sir. He says letters home are vital. And I didn't get to finish this one off yesterday .
DOCTOR: I'm impressed you find so much to write about.
TAYLOR: Hospital gives you plenty of time to think. Then of course there's the paperwork we do for Brook.
DOCTOR: Paperwork?
TAYLOR: Written tests, to tell Brook if we're fit for return to active duty.
DOCTOR: I see.
TAYLOR: If you don't mind me asking, sir, are you here to keep an eye on things, after last week?
DOCTOR: Last week? What happened?
TAYLOR: Well, Sergeant Wood went berserk. Had to be pulled off the chap he was scrapping with. Wasn't the first time.
DOCTOR: You're saying discipline is poor?
TAYLOR: Terrible, and it's getting worse. Someone's going to get killed.
DOCTOR: Funny you should say that.
TAYLOR: It's not just Wood, though. That entire bunch of his. It's like I said to Captain Dudgeon last night. The way they behave, it's not normal. Talk of the devil.
DOCTOR: Good morning, Sergeant Wood.
WOOD: You two look as thick as thieves.
DOCTOR: Taylor here is writing a letter home, and I...
WOOD: I'd be surprised if more than one word in ten makes it back.
DOCTOR: Even so, I'm sure the letters help with morale.
WOOD: I suppose. Never can see the point meself. Your family don't understand a word you say, and your wife's probably too busy fooling around.
TAYLOR: My girl's there for me, Sergeant, whatever happens.
WOOD: Then you're a bigger fool than I thought. On your feet, son. Time for the Morning Hate.
TAYLOR: Yes, sir.
WOOD: Good day, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Good day to you, Sergeant.

DUDGEON: It wasn't like the angels you see on stained glass windows. This fellow was tall, with wings that seemed to cover half the sky. There was a quiver at his side and a bow in one hand. I don't mind telling you, I was absolutely terrified.
ACE: I can imagine.
DUDGEON: But when he reached down to touch me, despite everything, I suddenly felt... at peace.
ACE: You know, I've heard of the Angels of Mons. I thought they were just a myth or mass hysteria or something.
DUDGEON: I don't doubt what I saw. I'm not prone to hysterics.
ACE: Sorry, I didn't mean... I'm not saying I doubt you.
DUDGEON: But you understand why people like Wood think I'm soft. It's the cross I've had to bear ever since.
ACE: It's just... it's rather hard to get your head round.
DUDGEON: Are you trying to tell me you've never seen something that defied description or comprehension?
ACE: If only you knew the half of it. I've seen plenty of strange things, but never an angel, Captain. Not like that, anyway.
DUDGEON: I know how this sounds, you see. I'm not a religious fellow, or at least I wasn't. An hour fidgeting on the pews each Sunday, that's more than enough for me, but, I'm not going to pretend it didn't happen. I didn't see this thing just to save myself from a little embarrassment.
ACE: It must bring you comfort, though, knowing you've seen an angel.
DUDGEON: Mmm, I suppose it does. But it does leave the big questions unanswered. When you get up close, see the young German soldiers and realise that they're just like us really, you find yourself wondering, have the Germans seen signs and wonders? Is what we're doing right, or can it be that we're both equally in the wrong? Whose side is God on? (sighs) I'd better be getting back to the ward. It's time for my paperwork.
ACE: Your what?
DUDGEON: The Lieutenant-Colonel has devised some tests for us. Questions, drawings to look at, that sort of thing. Our answers are supposed to be revealing.
ACE: That's weird. It's like... psychological profiling.
DUDGEON: I'm not sure how you'd describe it. What I saw yesterday was full of questions like, war is an ugly thing but not the ugliest of things. The decayed and degraded state of moral and patriotic feeling which thinks that nothing is worth war is much worse. Do you agree? Load of mumbo jumbo, if you ask me.
ACE: I'm sure you don't mean that.
DUDGEON: Perhaps. Doesn't really matter what I think anyway. The important thing is Brook wants the paperwork done swiftly and on time each day, every day.
(Door opens.)

DUDGEON: Ah, here's Nurse Sherston now like clockwork. My paperwork and my pills.

WOOD: You asked to see me, sir.

BROOK: Yes, Sergeant. How did you get on with the Doctor's young friend?

WOOD: I'll leave you to be the judge, Lieutenant-Colonel, but I did my best.

BROOK: I'm sure you did. I must say, though, I'm delighted with Taylor's progress. When I made out one of his friends had died... well, you could almost see the fire coming back into his eyes. Much more subtle than your Hate Room, I think you'll agree.

WOOD: The Hate Room gets results. Always has, always will. Your paperwork, your games...

BROOK: Too subtle for you, Sergeant?

WOOD: After he came to see you, Private Taylor attacked the Doctor and the girl.

BROOK: You speak as though that is necessarily a bad thing. Seems to me Taylor's well on his way to being a fine soldier.

WOOD: What next then, sir?

BROOK: The first maxim of the military mind. Divide and conquer. I fear it won't be long before the Doctor and his friends start asking difficult questions about your foray into No Man's Land. Perhaps we should give them a little of what they're searching for.

WOOD: Sir?

BROOK: Have a word with Lance-Corporal Burridge. If the two of you can find a way to get rid of the girl and the boy, it'll be much easier for me to deal with the Doctor.

(Door opens.)

ACE: There you are!

HEX: The Doctor told me to get some shut-eye.

ACE: Oh, I'm glad you're okay. I was starting to think you'd gone back to the Tardis.

HEX: And why on Earth would I do that?

ACE: Yesterday you seemed so...

HEX: Like I was freaked out by this war? You can hardly blame me, can ya?

ACE: It's not a criticism, Hex, but I was worried.

HEX: Yeah, well, I'm fine now. You know how you feel after you've been ill? Like, really positive, ready to go and make up for all the time you've missed?

ACE: What happened to you last night?

HEX: I haven't got a clue. The Doctor found me in the Hate Room. Something tells me Sergeant Wood might have an idea, though.

ACE: What makes you say that?

HEX: Well, first off you caught him spying on us.

ACE: All I said was, I thought it was a Sergeant.

HEX: Yeah, well, you should have seen him when the Doctor asked him about this botched mission his men went on. He was dead secretive.

ACE: Where is the Doctor?

HEX: I guess if he's not with Taylor, he'll be in Brook's office. He's still trying to get to the bottom of those orders that said we were coming. That's why we should concentrate on Wood.

ACE: No, Hex.

HEX: Why not?

ACE: Because he's a bully, and a dangerous one at that.

HEX: Yeah, well, all the more reason to go after him.

ACE: He is a soldier. You know, trained to kill people with his bare hands?

HEX: Yeah, well, he wouldn't be any good at his job if he read Oscar Wilde and did flower arranging, would he? Anyway, it's not like you to be so cautious.

ACE: It's not like you to be so gung-ho. All I'm saying is, if we blunder in, we're likely to make things worse. God, I really am turning into the Doctor. Hey, have you seen a mirror in here?

HEX: I dunno. What do you need one for? You checking for grey hairs already?

ACE: Oh, you are so looking for a slap. Listen, Sergeant Wood's not going to respond to confrontation. Perhaps it's time I tried something a little more... feminine?

HEX: You're not going to try and pull him?

ACE: Why not? The only female contact he's had for months has been those sterile old nurses.

HEX: I suppose it's worth a try. Like you said, if we are trying to find a murderer, then my money's on Wood.

BROOK: You know, Doctor, I had thought you'd spend the day out there questioning the men. Not cooped up in here with me.

DOCTOR: My assistants are quite capable of that, Lieutenant-Colonel. Anyway, you know what they say. Keep your friends close, and your enemies closer.

BROOK: What are you suggesting?

DOCTOR: I mean the files, of course. All your patients, your staff, each is a potential victim or a potential suspect. But everything about them is here. Their case histories, their service records...

BROOK: I have tried to accommodate you as best I can, Doctor, but there is a limit to what I'm able to share with you.

DOCTOR: Yes, so I see. So much information has been deleted, struck off, rendered invisible to future generations, all in the name of secrecy.

BROOK: Well, that's the nature of the beast, Doctor. You of all people must understand. Red tape and secrecy must be your meat and drink.

DOCTOR: Now, this is interesting.

BROOK: Ah, it's one of Private Taylor's letters home. I was just about to see if anything needed amending. You know, I have reams to read each night before bed. Something wrong?

DOCTOR: I think there might be.

ACE: No sign of Wood.

HEX: Looks like he's left Burrridge in charge.

ACE: He might tell us something.

BURRIDGE: And at ease. All right, boys. Five minute break. Mornin'. Do you need anythin'?

ACE: We're investigating procedures in this hospital.

BURRIDGE: I know.

ACE: I'm hoping you can help us.

BURRIDGE: What do you want?

HEX: Well, last night Sergeant Wood seemed rather reluctant to talk about your final mission.

BURRIDGE: Do you blame him? It was a disaster. We came under heavy fire. It's a miracle any of us survived.

HEX: Where did this happen?

BURRIDGE: An old church, slap bang in the middle of No Man's Land. Great vantage point if you can hold it.

ACE: So, what happened?

BURRIDGE: Look, you'd better speak to the Sergeant. He'll know more about our orders. He'll tell you what went on.

HEX: He's not exactly forthcoming.

BURRIDGE: He's a decent man, if you treat him the right way, but he's not going to blab about that sort of thing in front of the rest of us.

ACE: Where can we find him?

BURRIDGE: I think he went off to do his paperwork. There's a store-room he uses, next to the old scullery. It's quiet there.

HEX: Thank you. Come on, Ace.

BURRIDGE: Right, you lot, that's long enough. Back on your feet!

BROOK: Doctor, what are you doing?

DOCTOR: I'm looking for something.

BROOK: Now really, I must insist.

DOCTOR: Ah, there we are! Look at this, Lieutenant-Colonel.

BROOK: The original communiqué from Base about your arrival. Well, we've both read and re-read this so many times.

DOCTOR: Look at the typing. Notice anything?

BROOK: Er. Well, the typewriter's seen better days. The capital E is a bit faint. The lower case T...

DOCTOR: Occasionally prints itself twice.

BROOK: So?

DOCTOR: Did you know that every typewriter is unique? As unique as someone's fingerprints? Where is Private Taylor?

BROOK: Ah well, this time of day, I imagine he's doing his paperwork. Is it important?

DOCTOR: I'm very much afraid it might be. I may already be too late.

HEX: We're here. Go on, then.

(Knocking on door.)

ACE: Sergeant Wood? Sorry to bother you. I was wondering if I could have a word. Sergeant Woo-ood?

HEX: Perhaps he's gone. I'm not sure what's...

DOCTOR: Ace! Hex! Have you seen Private Taylor?

ACE: No. We were hoping to talk to Wood. Burrridge said he might be in here, but...

(Door opens. Ace gasps.)

HEX: Oh no. It's Wood.

DOCTOR: We're too late. The murder has been committed, and we knew it was going to happen!

[Part Three]

ACE: Oh Hex, don't mess about with that.

HEX: We were told to investigate, right? Hey, he's been stabbed several times. If we'd been a minute or two sooner...

DOCTOR: But I was too late.

ACE: Yeah, but you couldn't have stopped it from happening. Could you?

DOCTOR: I should have realised. The orders Brook received when we arrived, they weren't a time anomaly or evidence of psychic insight. They were a cry for help.

ACE: I don't follow you.

DOCTOR: The orders were written on Private Taylor's typewriter.

HEX: You're saying that Taylor?

DOCTOR: Not consciously. We know that he had been sleepwalking.

ACE: Taylor killed Wood and forged those orders in his sleep?

DOCTOR: Consider the evidence. A man who sleepwalks, who sometimes does things that his conscious mind would never allow, who must have overheard you, Hex, crying out for the Doctor when we were brought into the hospital. A man with access to a typewriter with a particular stuck T.

HEX: So Taylor realised he was becoming capable of murder, and...

DOCTOR: Subconsciously, yes. Whatever is going on here is designed to increase the aggression of these men. It will only be a matter of time. The orders aren't so much saying investigate a future crime as please prevent it from happening. The human mind is such an extraordinary thing.

ACE: But why kill Sergeant Wood?

DOCTOR: That I don't know, though I have my suspicions. Perhaps Wood came to represent everything that Taylor despised about this place. And I heard Wood make some barbed comments about Taylor's girlfriend. People have been killed for less.

HEX: Can you prove it was Taylor?

DOCTOR: Not at the moment, no. And I'm not sure I want to. I can hardly tell Lieutenant-Colonel Brook that those order from the Base were fake.

ACE: But it's not really Taylor's fault. If he's being psychologically manipulated...

DOCTOR: They all are, Ace, all the patients here. We'll have to tread carefully, or Sergeant Wood's murder won't be the last.

TAYLOR: Mustn't show weakness. Must kill when the moment comes. Can't let them off the hook.

(Opens door.)

TAYLOR: She'll be there for me, won't she? Lily won't fool around.

DUDGEON: Taylor, old boy.

TAYLOR: Don't waste too much steel on him. Three inches will do.

DUDGEON: Come with me, Bert. You've been sleepwalking again. You'd better have a lie-down. Nurse? Nurse?

BROOK: There you are, Doctor. What have you discovered? Ah. I take it that Sergeant Wood is...

DOCTOR: Yes. Quite dead, Lieutenant-Colonel.

BROOK: Then your orders were prophetic after all. Finally you have a murder to investigate.

ACE: You don't sound very upset.

BROOK: On the contrary. Wood was a fine soldier. We can't afford to lose men like him.

HEX: It doesn't matter what sort of soldier Wood was. He was a human being. He didn't deserve to die like that.

BROOK: At least they'll be able to tell Wood's family that there is a corpse to bury. Many aren't so lucky .

HEX: Lucky? You call this...

DOCTOR: Hex, that's enough.

HEX: This is all his fault.

DOCTOR: We can't be sure of anything, yet.

BROOK: So Doctor, first thoughts?

DOCTOR: Multiple bayonet wounds to the back. Ah. The first was aimed with precision and punctured the heart. It would have been over for him quite quickly. See how he's slumped forward, with no sign of a struggle.

ACE: He was facing away from the door, filling out his paperwork. His attacker would have been able to creep up on him.

HEX: And once Wood was dead, it looks like the attacker went berserk, stabbing wildly.

ACE: As if the killer's training was to kill efficiently, but his nature was just brutal and unthinking.

DOCTOR: A rather fine description of a perfect soldier, wouldn't you agree, Lieutenant-Colonel?

BROOK: I sense you're making another one of your veiled criticisms, Doctor, it's becoming tiresome.

DOCTOR: No criticism intended.

BROOK: Who discovered the body?

HEX: We did. And before you say anything, no, we didn't do it.

BROOK: I have no intention of accusing you of anything. See this strand here?

ACE: I'd rather not, thanks very much.

BROOK: It's a fibre, caught in one of the wounds. Slightly different colour from Sergeant Wood's uniform, but still British Army serge, unless I am much mistaken. I'd say that proves that Wood was killed by a non-civilian, wouldn't you, Doctor?

DOCTOR: That would seem to be true.

BROOK: Do you have any idea who that might be?

DOCTOR: We're not sure.

ACE: But we've got our suspicions.

BROOK: Well, I have my suspicions too, and I think it's high time I acted on them.

DUDGEON: There you go, Taylor old chap. Take it easy.

TAYLOR: What happened? I don't remember coming back.

DUDGEON: You've just had one of your funny turns, but everything's going to be fine now.

TAYLOR: I'm so tired. And my hands.

BURRIDGE: Cap'n Dudgeon? Come with us, please.

DUDGEON: I'm sorry, Lance-Corporal?

BURRIDGE: Don't make a scene. We know you did it.

DUDGEON: Did what?

BURRIDGE: Murdered Sergeant Wood.

(Soldiers gasp.)

DUDGEON: Wood's dead?

BURRIDGE: Had his throat slit. And we found blood on one of your uniforms.

TAYLOR: Come off it, Burridge. There's no way the Captain would do anything like that.

BURRIDGE: Quiet, Taylor.

DUDGEON: But this is nonsense. I've been in this same uniform all day. Let go of me, Lance-Corporal. Do I have to remind you that last night I saw you with blood on your hands?

(Rifles readied.)

BURRIDGE: Come on, sir. These boys are only too happy to shoot.

DUDGEON: Then it seems I have precious little choice in the matter.

DOCTOR: Close the door, Hex. There's something I need to tell you both. While I was in Brook's office I caught sight of a report.

HEX: And this has got what to do with why Sergeant Wood was murdered?

DOCTOR: You remember how evasive Wood was last night?

ACE: Hex said he didn't want to talk about his last mission.

DOCTOR: That's right. He was obviously hiding something. Anyway, this report. It mentioned a church in No Man's Land, and the eventual rescue of Wood's group, or what was left of them anyway.

ACE: Hmm, Burridge mentioned a ruined church.

DOCTOR: It seems Wood and his men were holed up in the church unable to leave.

ACE: They were surrounded by Germans?

DOCTOR: Presumably. But Brook arranged for a small group to go and bring them back.

HEX: What's a guy in charge of a hospital doing sending rescue parties into No Man's Land?

ACE: Who knows. But it does mean Wood's group owe their lives to Lieutenant-Colonel Brook.

DOCTOR: Yes. I got the impression that although Wood and Brook disagreed about many things, there was a certain... understanding between them.

HEX: So, what next?

DOCTOR: As I said, I'm concerned there will be more deaths. Order and discipline are beginning to break down. Mister Hex has been subjected to the methods they use here, but I need to be certain in my own mind what drove Taylor to kill. Was it this brainwashing room, or drugs, or even the testing they're forced to undergo?

ACE: Or a combination of all three.

DOCTOR: Exactly. But first of all, I should check how Taylor is. Keep snooping around, but do try to keep out of trouble, both of you.

HEX: Come on.

ACE: Now where are we going?

HEX: Somewhere else. If I stand here much longer I think I'll be sick. Perhaps we should go and find that church.

ACE: Oh. And this is your version of keeping out of trouble, is it?

HEX: You're such a girl.

ACE: You are so gonna regret that, Thomas Hector Schofield.

HEX: Yeah, right. At least I've got a sense of adventure.

ACE: Oh! And all this from a man - and I use the term loosely - who wants to run back to the Tardis yesterday. Anyway, the church is in the middle of No Man's Land, we don't have a clue how to get there.

HEX: Yeah, okay. But now that Wood's gone, well, perhaps Burridge'll tell us.

("A Little Bit Of Cucumber" by Harry Champion playing on a gramophone.)

BROOK: Enter.

BURRIDGE: We've shut Captain Dudgeon in one of the store-rooms, Lieutenant-Colonel, sir. I've placed a guard on the door.

BROOK: Thank you, Burridge.

BURRIDGE: Sir.

BROOK: Is there anything else?

BURRIDGE: Some of the men are saying that Taylor did it. Are you sure it was Dudgeon, sir?

BROOK: I am quite sure, Lance-Corporal! The man is a vile coward who openly talks to others about going home, who dares to question the validity of this conflict.

BURRIDGE: But if he's a coward...

BROOK: Thank you, Lance-Corporal! Captain Dudgeon is still unaware of much of what we do here. Bring him to me. I may be able to show him something of our work.

BURRIDGE: Sir.

(Typing.)

DOCTOR: Ah. Private Taylor. I thought you'd been banished to the store-rooms.

TAYLOR: I was, sir. But if I'm on the wards tapping away, at least the men know where I am.

DOCTOR: Given what's happened today, it's only natural for people to be suspicious. Another letter home?

TAYLOR: Just some thoughts. It helps me remember.

DOCTOR: Most people in this ward would rather forget. I see you're reading Thomas Hardy.

TAYLOR: Trying to, sir. I like to remind myself that England still exists. Lieutenant-Colonel Brook is always encouraging me to look at the bigger picture, but... I think the small details are just as important.

DOCTOR: Ah, details. Details. I'm actually searching for the details of what happened to Sergeant Wood's men in that church near the German Front. I know all about their eventual rescue, but I don't know why they went there in the first place, and what happened after they arrived.

TAYLOR: Sorry sir, I don't know anything about that.

DOCTOR: You must have heard something.

TAYLOR: I thought you were here just to investigate the hospital.

DOCTOR: Oh, I am. But this is important. A lot might depend on it.

TAYLOR: Very well. (sighs) What happened in the church...

DOCTOR: Yes?

TAYLOR: I think it's all my fault.

BURRIDGE: Kill the Boche. Kill them!

ACE: So this is the Hate Room. Well, they named it right.

HEX: Just as well it's only dummies they're shooting at.

(A whistle is blown. Weapons are fired repeatedly and the soldiers start chanting die!)

BURRIDGE: That's it! Kill the Boche! Show them no mercy! Kill the Boche!

HEX: See the chair at the front? That's where the Doctor found me. I don't want to think about what was done to me.

ACE: Are you sure you're all right to go through with this?

HEX: Yeah. Burridge? Can we have a word?

BURRIDGE: What do you want?

(Door closes on the Hate Room.)

HEX: The church in No Man's Land. How do you get there?

BURRIDGE: Why the blazes would anyone want to?

ACE: That doesn't matter. Can you help us?

BURRIDGE: Just the two of you, not in uniform. It's not going to be easy. You're as likely to get shot by a Tommy as you are by a Fritz.

HEX: But you can do it?

BURRIDGE: I suppose so, if you're sure?

HEX: We are.

BURRIDGE: All right. You want to go wandering about in No Man's Land, that's your funeral. I'll draw you a map. One of the boys'll take you as far as the door of the communications trench, after that you're on your own.

DOCTOR: I don't understand, Private. How can what happened to Wood's men in a church in No Man's Land

be your fault?

TAYLOR: I told the Lieutenant-Colonel about the church. I said it was deserted, that even a small group of men should be able to take it.

DOCTOR: When was this?

TAYLOR: Just after I was admitted. I was in a lot of pain. I was rambling on, I wasn't really sure what I was saying.

DOCTOR: Then Brook should have treated what you said with caution.

TAYLOR: He was keen as mustard to get back at the Boche, said he'd send in a group of his men, to show how well the treatment works.

DOCTOR: And now Brook is obsessed with covering his tracks. That's why he then ordered the rescue mission. So that he could keep an eye on Wood and the other survivors.

TAYLOR: The Lieutenant-Colonel does what's best for us.

DOCTOR: Does he? Does he really? Since you've come here, Brook has done nothing but manipulate you. Tell me about your paperwork.

TAYLOR: Lieutenant-Colonel Brook says we mustn't discuss our answers.

DOCTOR: Tell me about the questions, then. Just an example.

TAYLOR: The last one I did. It said, imagine there's a baby, and you knew that when fully-grown, it would murder innocent people. Not just one or two, though that would be wretched enough, but hundreds, even thousands.

DOCTOR: And you had the opportunity to snuff out that life. Could you do it. Is that what it asked?

TAYLOR: Yes.

DOCTOR: Could you, could anyone, look down at a sleeping baby, cover its mouth and nose with your hands and watch it wriggle until it was cold and dead.

TAYLOR: Goodness! I hadn't quite meant...

DOCTOR: As classic dilemmas go, it's an inherently gruesome one. To end an innocent life to save others.

TAYLOR: Brook just wants me to be mentally strong, Doctor. Fit for action.

DOCTOR: But a soldier without a moral compass to guide him, that, Private, is one of the most frightening things in the world.

HEX: Give us one of those sandwiches, then.

ACE: What sandwiches?

HEX: The ones you nicked from the kitchen. I saw ya. Come on, give us one.

ACE: Typical man. It's all food and fighting to you.

HEX: Sandwich, now.

ACE: Sandwich later.

HEX: I said now!

ACE: What's got into you, Hex? You've been itching for a fight all day.

HEX: (sigh) Yeah. I'm sorry. Think it must have been that Hate Room. It's got me really fired up. I'm really sorry, Ace.

ACE: They really got to you, didn't they?

HEX: Yeah, I guess they did. I only got one dose. Burrige and the others got that every day for who knows how long?

ACE: Yeah, well, we're going to put a stop to it. We need to get to that church.

HEX: Are we nearly there?

ACE: According to the map, we've barely started. Over the next ridge there should be some sort of service trench. We can duck into that, get out of the rain and then...

HEX: Are we close to German lines?

ACE: That depends.

HEX: On?

ACE: On how old this map is. The war doesn't stop to let the cartographers catch up. It also depends on how trustworthy Burrige is.

HEX: I'd trust him about as far as I could chuck him.

ACE: But still you wanted to come.

HEX: I was starting to feel claustrophobic.

ACE: Oh, my poor little Hexie.

HEX: And you can quit starting that up again, Dorothy.

ACE: Oi.

HEX: Give us that. I think it's... that way.

ACE: Are you sure you're reading it right?

HEX: Scout's honour. You keep your eyes open for soldiers, and that's all I care about for the moment. You seem to be getting quite close to Dudgeon.

ACE: He's a nice guy, that's all.

HEX: Some of Wood's men reckon he killed a Sergeant.

ACE: Dudgeon wouldn't hurt a fly.
(Sound of propellers overhead.)
HEX: Of course, you would say that. I reckon he's your fancy man.
ACE: Listen. Do you hear that?
HEX: There. It's just come through the clouds.
ACE: A biplane? That's British, right?
HEX: I'm not sure it's as simple as that. Can't see any markings. Ow! What was that for?
ACE: The fancy man comment. I really don't like the look of that plane. We'd better get down. Come on!

(Door closes.)

BROOK: Thank you for joining me, Captain Dudgeon.
DUDGEON: You can't seriously think I killed Sergeant Wood?
BROOK: The men need a scapegoat, Captain, and I need to appear to be in control of the situation.
DUDGEON: But you're not. Whatever you're doing to these men, it's got to stop.
BROOK: I think my work here is quite a success. With every day that passes, I'm learning more about manipulation and suggestion, and its benefits to our cause.
DUDGEON: It's monstrous.
BROOK: You say that from a position of ignorance. You haven't experienced the full treatment. And I think you should.
DUDGEON: Release me, sir. You don't have the authority.
BROOK: (shouting) I have absolute authority! (calmer) Yes. An hour or two in the Hate Room, and you'll feel like a new man. Or a different one, at least.

HEX: That plane looks like it's made from balsa wood and a bit of string.
ACE: It's still got a ruddy great machine gun on the front, so I'm not arguing with it.
(The sound recedes.)
ACE: Reconnaissance, I guess. Like you said, trying to work out exactly where the front line is...
(Explosion.)
HEX: Is someone shooting at us, or just taking pot-shots at the plane?
ACE: I don't think we've got time to find out. This is much too exposed. We'd better get to that trench, quick.
HEX: Where's it coming from?
ACE: We'll worry about that in a minute.
HEX: Hang on a minute. We'd better go another way. Look.
ACE: It's just fog.
HEX: That's not fog. It's gas.

(Door unlocked and opened.)

DOCTOR: Captain Dudgeon? Are you well?
DUDGEON: I'm not sure, Doctor. But I'm grateful for a visitor.
DOCTOR: What happened to you?
DUDGEON: Burrige came to me. Said I'd killed Sergeant Wood. I told him it was preposterous, but he wouldn't have it. Dragged me away, first here, then... I can't remember.
DOCTOR: You sound rather like Hex when I found him this morning.
DUDGEON: I do? Well, I hope we don't share the same splitting headache. By the way, what did you say to the lad at the door?
DOCTOR: I pulled rank, which is quite easy if you remember that someone at the bottom of the military food chain continually expects to be outranked. I've just been talking to Private Taylor about his paperwork. I'm told everyone's paperwork is unique, Captain, tailored to the individual, if you'll forgive the pun. Do you mind me asking, what sort of subjects does yours deal with?
DUDGEON: Matters of faith and devotion, cowardice and bravery, belief and doubt.
DOCTOR: I see. I think Taylor is finding the questions quite hard to cope with.
DUDGEON: He doesn't seem himself at the moment. Mind you, when he entered this conflict he was just a lad. I don't imagine he thought much about anything beyond drinking, eating and sleeping. Then suddenly he sees suffering, and... he looks within himself.
DOCTOR: And he sees not the heart of a soldier, but the soul of a poet.
DUDGEON: Exactly. And then he ended up in this hospital.
DOCTOR: And his doubts have deepened. I need your help. I have to stop Brook.
DUDGEON: It may have escaped your notice, but I am currently under arrest.
DOCTOR: I'm sure we can work something out, if you'd be willing to try.
DUDGEON: But that's just it, Doctor. I'm not sure I want to.
DOCTOR: But you've seen what happens when Brook brainwashes innocent soldiers.
DUDGEON: Who among us is innocent? Even if we're conscripted, we still do what we're told. And we're told to kill the Boche, nothing more, nothing less.

DOCTOR: You can't agree with Brook's methods?

DUDGEON: Perhaps I don't, but do you seriously believe that there aren't German officers manipulating their men in exactly the same way?

DOCTOR: I can only deal with what's in front of me, and what I see is wrong, Captain Dudgeon, very wrong.

DUDGEON: Ask Taylor. I'm sure he'll help you. Excellent chap, Bert Taylor. Yes, he's been a bit goofy of late, but I...

DOCTOR: I think Private Taylor may have killed Wood.

DUDGEON: What? No. I, I was hoping, desperately praying that there might be some other explanation. I saw him just after Sergeant Wood was killed. Taylor had bruises on his hands. He didn't know where he was.

DOCTOR: Then you must help me. If I'm going to succeed I need people who are absolutely reliable.

DUDGEON: I'm not your man. I'm just... I'm just too weak. I came to this hospital thinking it might help clear my head, and in fact I'm more troubled than ever.

DOCTOR: You hate this war, Captain. Perhaps you have every right to. But please, don't confuse being peaceful with being passive.

DUDGEON: I'm sorry, Doctor. What was it poor Sergeant Wood said to me? Too heavenly minded to be of any earthly use. I'd only let you down, I'm afraid. It's happened to me before, and it'll happen again.

BURRIDGE: Boo!

TAYLOR: Burridge. I was...

BURRIDGE: You were miles away, Taylor, in your own little world. Tell me, is it more interesting that this one?

TAYLOR: What do you want, Burridge?

BURRIDGE: Lance-Corporal Burridge to you, Sonny Jim. Got any cigs?

TAYLOR: Er... here you go.

BURRIDGE: Thank you, Taylor. That's kind. Just thought you should know. Your mate the Captain. He's being well looked after.

TAYLOR: Is that so?

BURRIDGE: Oh yeah. The Lieutenant-Colonel has dealt with Captain Dudgeon personally. You know, I wasn't sure a posh man could scream like that, and the language! Honestly.

TAYLOR: The Doctor said he's going to put a stop to all this.

BURRIDGE: He might try, but his friends aren't around to help him.

TAYLOR: Why, what's happened to them?

BURRIDGE: They developed an unhealthy interest in a certain church in No Man's Land. Brook said I should encourage 'em to go, so I made them a little map. Mind you, I can't guarantee it's the safest or the quickest way of getting there.

(Explosion.)

HEX: I don't suppose you brought gas masks as well as sandwiches?

ACE: Watch out!

(Explosion.)

ACE: Are you all right?

HEX: (groans) I think I've got... it really hurts. It's a bit of shrapnel in me leg.

ACE: Can you walk on it?

HEX: I'm fine.

ACE: Whoa. Easy, tiger. Let me have a look.

HEX: There's no time for that. The gas is coming closer.

ACE: Come on, I'll give you a hand.

HEX: Thanks.

ACE: Which way?

HEX: Down here. There are fresh boards in this trench.

ACE: No one around, though.

(A nearby explosion.)

HEX: I wonder who's wasting shells on an empty trench?

ACE: Well, you know what Groucho Marx said about military intelligence .

HEX: No. Who's Groucho Marx?

ACE: Someone who said military intelligence was a contradiction in terms.

HEX: Oh, right.

ACE: Never mind. This way.

(Gramophone record playing "When The Boys Come Marching Back To Blighty" by Harry Cove.)

DOCTOR: So, Private Taylor, will you help me?

TAYLOR: I don't understand. If you want to investigate Brook, why didn't you just report back to Base? If you and Captain Dudgeon told them what's going on...

DOCTOR: I'll be honest with you, Private. My connections only extend so far. Anyway, I prefer to be a little

more hands-on.

TAYLOR: And you think more people will die if we don't do something?

DOCTOR: I'm afraid so, yes.

TAYLOR: All right, Doctor. I'll do it.

DOCTOR: Thank you. I need a distraction, and then I'll need to find Ace and Hex. After what happened to Hex earlier, I'm becoming concerned. For all I know, he could be the next victim, or the next perpetrator.

TAYLOR: Burrige reckons they've gone off to that church in No Man's Land.

DOCTOR: What? I told them to stay out of trouble. Don't they realise that whoever killed Wood's men might still be there? First things first, Private Taylor. Time for your little diversion.

TAYLOR: What shall I say?

DOCTOR: I'm sure you'll think of something. Why not appeal to Brook's worst instincts? That's something with a lot of scope.

(Knock on door.)

BROOK [OC]: Come.

(Door opens.)

TAYLOR: Sorry to bother you, Lieutenant-Colonel. I have some... oh blimey, this is so difficult.

BROOK: Spit it out, man.

TAYLOR: I've got some information I thought I should pass on to you. Sensitive information.

(Music stops)

BROOK: Well, you had better come in, Private Taylor.

(Door closes.)

DOCTOR: (sotto) Good work, Private.

BROOK: Well?

TAYLOR: I've been thinking, sir, about my paperwork, and about patriotism and doing what's right.

BROOK: As indeed you should, Taylor. Go on.

TAYLOR: Do you think it possible, sir, that the Doctor might try to shut down the hospital?

BROOK: Don't worry. The Doctor is my problem, not yours. You just concentrate on getting better.

TAYLOR: Better? Did no one tell you that an hour or so back I woke up on the ward, shivering. Shivering, and with my hands bruised.

BROOK: Bad dreams, Private. You do seem plagued by them, even by day.

TAYLOR: It was just after Sergeant Wood was killed.

BROOK: What are you trying to say?

TAYLOR: I just wanted to hear your thoughts, sir.

BROOK: Well, I grant you, things have been peculiar in the hospital recently, but it's nothing I haven't seen before. Gather together a group of men in a funk, and there are going to be times when everything seems dark. But as a hospital and as people we're making progress.

TAYLOR: And the war?

BROOK: Just the same. We lose some battles, we win more. We're pushing closer to victory.

TAYLOR: I didn't think we'd advanced in weeks.

BROOK: (angrily) What would you have us do, stop the war now? Ignore the sacrifice of those who have already perished, when victory is in sight? (calm) You indicated you had some information for me?

TAYLOR: You said the Doctor was your problem. Well, I saw him snooping about in the north wing, searching for evidence.

BROOK: Evidence?

TAYLOR: He was looking through old boxes of records, and making enquiries about the medication. I thought you should know.

BROOK: Oh, he'll find nothing there, don't you worry.

TAYLOR: He said he was going to report you to HQ, sir. He may already be preparing to leave.

BROOK: Hmm. Your point is well-made, Private. I suppose I had better go and find the Doctor. For his own safety, you understand. I can arrange an escort back to Base if that's what he insists on doing. Thank you, Taylor.

TAYLOR: Like I said, sir. Just trying to do my duty.

ACE: Hungry?

HEX: Not any more. I just want to get to the church.

ACE: You ought to eat something. Otherwise you won't grow up to be a big boy like your Mummy told... Oh. I mean...

HEX: Cheese and pickle, thanks. It's all right. My gran used to say the eat-up thing.

ACE: Funny how every family says the same things.

HEX: Where's your mum these days? I mean, obviously not in 1917, but...

ACE: Yeah, not really sure. Travelling with the Doctor, I kind of lost track of the family. Bumped into her once or twice. Met up with my brother too.

HEX: Do you miss them?

ACE: No. That's weird, actually. As I've got older, I suppose I should miss them. But the Doctor, and even you I suppose, you'll do for now. What happened to your mum?

HEX: No idea. My dad never talked about it. I mean, he used to keep her photo... Oh.

ACE: What is it?

HEX: I've just realised. The photo's back in my flat, in London, just over a hundred years from now. I should have gone back and got it. It's the only photo I've got of her.

ACE: We could always ask the Doctor. Course, we'd end up in Roman London or some post-nuclear London over-run with vampires...

HEX: Sandra Elizabeth Schofield. I don't know what happened, how she died or where. Like all these people out in No Man's Land, I suppose. I mean, their families, they'll never know exactly how their sons died. Or where, or...

ACE: Okay. Enough with the maudlin stuff, matey. We're here on a mission, remember?

HEX: Yeah. You're right. Ah!

ACE: How's the leg?

HEX: I'll survive.

ACE: Gas seems to have gone.

HEX: Yeah, well, the wind's changed direction. It's one of the drawbacks of that sort of weapon, I suppose.

ACE: I've had another look at the map. The church should be just over the next rise.

HEX: Are you sure? One barren bit of wasteland looks pretty much like another.

ACE: Well, sitting here feeling sorry for ourselves isn't going to help. Now, move that perfectly-formed posterior of yours that-a-way.

BROOK: As you were, men. Burrige, I'm looking for the Doctor.

BURRIDGE: I haven't seen him, sir.

BROOK: No. I rather think I've been led a merry dance.

BURRIDGE: Sir?

BROOK: There's something you all ought to know. I've interrogated Captain Dudgeon, and I'm no longer convinced that he killed Wood.

BURRIDGE: Then who...

BROOK: It was the Doctor. I believe he's a Boche spy.

BURRIDGE: What?

BROOK: He's been up to no good for some time now. Perhaps you should get your rifles. Locate the Doctor before he causes any more trouble.

BURRIDGE: Sir. You heard the Lieutenant-Colonel. Let's go.

SOLDIERS: Get him! Kill him!

ACE: Told you! There's the church.

HEX: It looks like it's going to collapse at any minute. Hey, at least the front line seems to have moved away.

ACE: Mmm, let's hope so.

HEX: It's a bit gloomy.

ACE: Give it a moment to let your eyes adjust to the...

HEX: Ow!

ACE: Congratulations. You've found the font.

HEX: Ha, ha. There doesn't seem to be anything here. Not that I'm sure what I'm looking for.

ACE: Shh! Did you hear that?

HEX: What? I think you're letting...

ACE: There it is again!

HEX: You're right. There's someone else here.

DOCTOR: Honestly, Lieutenant-Colonel, you really ought to keep your office locked.

TAYLOR: It *was* locked.

DOCTOR: Oh, barely.

TAYLOR: Took you long enough, even with those fancy keys.

DOCTOR: Like the lock, I'm a little rusty. Now, let's have a good look around. Ah! Look at this. A recording of Edna Thornton singing Your King And Country Need You.

TAYLOR: I didn't think we'd come here to look through Brook's music collection.

DOCTOR: No. No, I suppose not. (opens window) A breath of fresh air. It's rather muggy in here, don't you think?

TAYLOR: If you say so.

DOCTOR: This room is thick with secrets.

TAYLOR: All the paperwork you want is over here.

DOCTOR: Ah yes, the psychological tests. Gather up what you can, every document, every last shred of evidence.

TAYLOR: Doctor, this file looks important.

DOCTOR: Let me see. Top Secret. Authorised Personnel, et cetera, et cetera. Hmm. I think I qualify. Oh my word. So that's the answer. It all makes sense now.

BURRIDGE: There you are, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Lance-Corporal Burridge. Delighted you could join us.

BURRIDGE: We want answers, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Well yes, I suppose we all do deep down, but I tend to find you get the best answers if you lower your rifles. Still, that's just my own personal preference, you understand.

BURRIDGE: We want to know what you and Taylor are doing, and want to know who killed Sergeant Wood.

DOCTOR: Well yes, you see, Private Taylor is helping me to get to the bottom of that little mystery.

BURRIDGE: Looks to me like you killed the Sergeant, and now you're trying to cover things up.

DOCTOR: I assure you that's not what's going on at all.

BURRIDGE: Assume your positions, men. Single row, firing squad.

SOLDIERS: Die. Die. Die. Die. (Etc.)

TAYLOR: No! You can't do this to us.

BURRIDGE: The condemned will be silent. All right, men. Aim.

DOCTOR: But this is monstrous!

BURRIDGE: Steady. Fire on my mark.

(Whistle. Rifles firing)

[Part Four]

BURRIDGE: What happened? Why aren't you dead?

DOCTOR: I'm not absolutely sure myself.

BURRIDGE: Reload! Reload, I tell you!

BROOK: That's enough, Lance-Corporal. Dismissed.

BURRIDGE: Sir.

(Door closes.)

BROOK: Doctor, Private Taylor. It's good to see you.

ACE: Can you hear anything?

HEX: No. Perhaps he heard us.

ACE: Could be rats.

HEX: Rats with hobnail boots? Yeah, right.

ACE: We'd better find out. It looks like there's some stairs over there. hey lead up to some sort of gallery.

HEX: The servants' gallery.

ACE: Ooh, every day's a school day with you. Watch out, that one's loose.

HEX: Okay.

(Ace cries out.)

HEX: It's all right. I've got ya. Hey, that was nearly one small step for woman, one giant leap back downstairs.

ACE: Oh, thanks. Still can't see anyone.

HEX: Urgh! Look at the cobwebs in this window.

ACE: Not scared of spiders are you, Hex?

HEX: Only if they're wearing hobnail boots.

ACE: Or shooting at each other with rifles.

HEX: What?

ACE: Down there, in the gaps between the beams.

HEX: Empty shells.

ACE: And not just one or two either. There was a pitched battle up here.

DIXON: Stop! Don't move.

BROOK: I owe you an apology Doctor. You too, Taylor.

DOCTOR: So, you're responsible for this grotesque charade, Lieutenant-Colonel.

BROOK: This is war. And you have broken into an officer's room. People have been shot for less.

TAYLOR: You might not agree with his methods, sir, but the Doctor is here to investigate a murder.

BROOK: Perhaps he is. But he behaves like no Army man I've ever met.

DOCTOR: I could say the same about you. A mock execution in the hope that I'd say something incriminating.

BROOK: Oh, that's not it at all. I have so far tolerated your behaviour, your methods as Taylor calls them, so that I can get on with the real business at hand.

DOCTOR: Which is?

BROOK: Preparing men for conflict. Battles, campaigns, even whole wars can rest on the efficiency and preparedness of even one squad of men.

DOCTOR: So you arranged this execution just to see whether Burrige and the others were prepared to go through with it?

BROOK: My job is to oversee the return of soldiers to active service - Burrige and the men who served under Sergeant Wood - and it's clear to me now that they're ready for war again. They're willing to follow orders, even unpalatable ones.

TAYLOR: So you made sure their rifles only had blanks?

BROOK: The equipment in the Hate Room is useful in that regard. But I'm pleased with how they responded to this particular challenge. Their country would be proud of them.

DOCTOR: You really think their families would be proud that their country demands that they execute people in cold blood on some trumped-up charge?

BROOK: You would do well to ponder the need for blindfolds at executions. The blindfold is not for the victim. It's for the benefit of the firing squad. Most people find it almost impossible to look someone in the eyes and end their lives.

DOCTOR: I've faced more firing squads than you have had lukewarm dinners. I'm all too familiar with the process.

BROOK: Then you'll know that in any one firing squad, most of the soldiers will deliberately or subconsciously miss their targets. Each sentimental soldier relies on the callousness of the man at his side to do the job for him.

DOCTOR: You dismiss love for life as sentiment?

BROOK: I do. If I could give every single soldier in this war a killer instinct, an ability to follow orders without sentiment, without thinking of the moral or eternal consequences, this whole conflict might swing more quickly in our favour.

DOCTOR: There is a line, Lieutenant-Colonel, even in war, and you stepped over it long ago.

BROOK: Only when peace has returned, Doctor, could you and I meet and talk of lofty ideals, of love for life, of sentiment, but until that time, I will continue to do my duty. I see you have some papers in your hands. May I ask your intentions?

DOCTOR: I intend to destroy them.

BROOK: What nonsense is this? Taylor?

TAYLOR: Sorry, sir. I agree with the Doctor. This must end.

BROOK: This is tiresome. Hand over the papers. Believe me, this is loaded, and I'm quite prepared to kill you both.

DIXON: Don't move. Keep your hands up.

ACE: Okay, okay. We're not armed.

HEX: We're friends, all right? We're working for the British Army?

DIXON: Why... why are you here?

ACE: Sergeant Wood and a group of men were sent to this church. Most of them didn't survive. We're trying to get to the bottom of what happened.

DIXON: Sergeant Wood sent you?

ACE: In a manner of speaking.

HEX: You were on that mission? You've been 'ere all this time?

DIXON: I'm so hungry.

HEX: Sit down. Look, put the gun down. I promise you we're not going to hurt ya.

ACE: I've got some food. Here. Take it. I-I'll see if I can find something to get you warm.

DIXON: No! Not over there. That's why I called out. The floorboards are rotten.

ACE: Oh! Thanks.

HEX: What's your name?

DIXON: Peter Dixon. Private Peter Dixon.

HEX: And what happened 'ere?

DIXON: It was a massacre. I thought I was the only one who survived.

ACE: The Germans attacked?

DIXON: Germans? No. No. There weren't any Boche.

ACE: Then who?

DIXON: Traitors, spies, cowards. So many bodies.

HEX: Well, where are the bodies?

DIXON: I couldn't leave them. Couldn't leave my friends. I had to bury them. Had to be so careful. Quiet as a mouse. Didn't want to attract the Boche.

HEX: Why didn't you try and get away?

DIXON: No where's safe any more. Didn't want to leave. (yawns) Oh God, so tired.

HEX: Look, you get some sleep. We'll make sure you're okay.

BROOK: If I were to shoot you, Doctor, what would be achieved? A bullet for you, a bullet for Taylor, and I'll have my paperwork back. So why not just hand it over?

DOCTOR: You'd have to explain our deaths to your superiors.

BROOK: (laughs) You assume my superiors will care.

DOCTOR: Even if there are no witnesses, rumours will abound.

BROOK: Only if I do the shooting.

DOCTOR: What?

BROOK: Private Taylor, here is my gun. I order you to shoot the Doctor. Do it, and I'll let you live.

TAYLOR: I can't do that, sir. I can't just shoot him.

BROOK: Why on earth not? The Doctor has broken numerous Army rules. He could be working for the Germans. Kill him.

TAYLOR: No, sir. It's not right.

BROOK: Really? And you're equipped to make such judgements, are you? I think perhaps we could do with a little music, to lighten the mood.

(The Hate Room recordings)

DOCTOR: Private Taylor, try to ignore what you're hearing.

BROOK: Oh Doctor, you don't understand. This is what Taylor hears when he wakes, when he rests, when he has bad dreams. He can't escape from it. It's the sound of his guilt!

TAYLOR: Doctor, I'm sorry.

DOCTOR: Taylor, it's the paperwork and the Hate Room that's to blame for the confusion you feel.

BROOK: You don't know anything about that, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Oh, I know enough. I know that what soldiers like Taylor get each day isn't a test designed to establish their frame of mind, but something that quite deliberately sets out to change it.

BROOK: How very perceptive.

DOCTOR: You start with their medical and service records. You probe each soldier, find weak spots, doubts and fears, and then you exploit these fears, trying to change the way they think. You make them stronger, but at what cost?

TAYLOR: I sometimes wish I was stronger. More ruthless.

BROOK: Tell him, Taylor. Tell him about your moment of weakness. Tell him about your cowardice.

DOCTOR: No!

BROOK: Tell him!

TAYLOR: It was... a year or more back. Back when the Front seemed to change almost every day. I was brushing my teeth, when I saw a light flashing from the German trenches.

BROOK: Please continue, Private Taylor. You'll feel better for getting this off your chest.

TAYLOR: I... I reached for some binoculars. Saw a Boche having a shave. The mirror was glinting in the sun. He seemed so content, so ordinary. I took aim with my sniper's rifle, prepared to fire.

DOCTOR: But you couldn't do it.

TAYLOR: No! I was too weak.

DOCTOR: And ever since then, Brook has been taunting you.

BROOK: And so I should, Doctor. What if this German soldier goes on to kill two British soldiers? Or eight? Or twenty? What will Taylor tell the families of the dead?

DOCTOR: Compassion isn't a weakness, it's a strength.

TAYLOR: Oh, no, no, no! I've let down my friends, my family, my country!

BROOK: Yes you have, Taylor. Don't your dreams, your nightmares, say as much? Doesn't that gun feel welcoming in your hand? Now, prove to me you're fit for service. Shoot this Doctor, this German spy!

(Whistle blows.)

BROOK: Kill the Boche! Kill the Hun!

(Door opens.)

BURRIDGE: Here's your cell, Cap'n. You can stay here till the Lieutenant-Colonel calls for you again.

DUDGEON: Burrige, please. I need a drink.

BURRIDGE: All right, Dudgeon. I'll, I'll see what I can do.

DUDGEON: You've got to help me.

BURRIDGE: Are you mad? Why should I help you?

DUDGEON: Can't you see what's happening here? Brook's out of control.

BURRIDGE: He's the senior officer. I'm just doing what I'm told.

DUDGEON: Senior officer? You know, before I arrived, I'd never even heard of Lieutenant-Colonel Brook. I'd certainly never heard of Charnage Hospital. None of us had.

BURRIDGE: What do you mean?

DUDGEON: There were rumours flying around the trenches. Some rogue element working well beyond the

remit of the British Army. HQ asked me to look into it.

BURRIDGE: I don't understand.

DUDGEON: I made a few enquiries, feigned an injury, ended up here. Everything seemed... most irregular. And it's obvious now. Whoever Brook is working for, it's not the Army.

BURRIDGE: Why should I believe you? You're just a weak, pathetic coward.

DUDGEON: You should believe me because it's true. Anyway, is an officer not allowed to have doubts?

BURRIDGE: No. We've all got to press on. We can see this thing through.

DUDGEON: I admit, I came here at a pretty low ebb. And what I've seen, it only reminds me of how vile and disgusting this war is.

BURRIDGE: You see? You're a disgrace to the Army.

(Thump!)

BURRIDGE: That's why you need treatment! You're just a lousy, useless...

(Fight.)

DUDGEON: Reckon I'm not so weak after all.

BROOK: Private Taylor, you must shoot the Doctor. Do that and I guarantee, all your bad dreams, all your guilt will be washed away.

DOCTOR: Don't listen to him, Taylor. You came into this war as a decent and honourable man. Please, you must remember who you are.

BROOK: My dear Doctor, a romantic to the last.

TAYLOR: Don't know, Doctor. Can't think. What if Brook's right?

DOCTOR: Listen to me. You didn't kill that German soldier because your conscience told him not to. You listened to it then and you should listen to it now. What you did, what you didn't do, that took real strength. Pulling the trigger would have been the easy way out and nothing would change. One Private laying down his weapon could just be the start, followed by a second, a third, ten, twenty, five hundred, a hundred thousand. Soon people could be talking again rather than shooting each other. But it all started with one Private putting down his gun.

BROOK: This is just fantasy.

DOCTOR: Peace isn't a fantasy, it's an ideal. One that Taylor took the first step towards when he refused to take another man's life. You made the right choice, Taylor. Don't make the wrong one now.

TAYLOR: Here. Take the gun back.

(The gramophone stops.)

BROOK: Very well. Stand against the wall.

DOCTOR: We'll stay here, if you don't mind.

BROOK: As you wish, Doctor. And by all means look me in the eyes. I am more than happy to stare into your soul as I kill you. For King and Country! I want you to understand that I am guilty of nothing more than wanting to see the British Army emerge from this war in victory.

DOCTOR: You're an incompetent bungler.

BROOK: I feel I've done rather well. I have no medical training, and most of my staff... well, the surgeons are little more than butchers, the nurses fit only to clean bed-pans. But I'm reading widely, and documenting everything I do. What works and what does not.

DOCTOR: Which is why I'm going to destroy your research, Brook, set back your plan.

BROOK: But you will not stop me, Doctor.

DOCTOR: We shall see.

TAYLOR: Doc, what are we going to do?

DOCTOR: I told you it was stuffy in here. Take a step back.

BROOK: Now Doctor, this is your final opportunity. Hand over those papers.

DOCTOR: What, these? Oh, I thought I might hang onto them for a bit. I could do with some light bedtime reading. I can't guarantee you'll ever see them again, though. I'm a fantastically slow reader. Lots on my mind, you see.

BROOK: Doctor.

DOCTOR: When I say, do as I do.

TAYLOR: Doctor?

DOCTOR: Jump!

(Glass breaks.)

TAYLOR: Blimey, Doc, you nearly killed us.

DOCTOR: I know. Fun, isn't it? Here. Let me help you up.

(Gunfire.)

TAYLOR: You thought we might need to make a getaway.

DOCTOR: Call me suspicious, but I always try to make sure I have more than one way out of a room.

TAYLOR: Shame Brook's office is on the first floor.

DOCTOR: Oh, he's much too sensible to try to follow that way. It gives us a three minute head start, I'd have

thought. Ah! Oh! (barking dogs) I didn't know they had guard dogs.

TAYLOR: Me neither. But then, I've never tried escaping before. Hang on a minute.

DOCTOR: Where are you going? We haven't got time.

TAYLOR: There's all sorts stored in this barn. Old tractors, ruined uniforms, provisions.

DOCTOR: Food is the least of my concerns, Private Taylor.

TAYLOR: Here we go.

(Motorcycle engine.)

DOCTOR: I'm really not sure about this.

TAYLOR: A Model H Roadster! Otherwise known as The Trusty Triumph. Five hundred and fifty CCs, three-speed gearbox, belt transmission... and half a tank of fuel! Come on, Doc, hop on. Dad's got a BSA back home. Only come off it once.

DOCTOR: Well, if you insist. Wa-hey!

HEX: Who's there?

ACE: Only me. Is Dixon asleep now?

HEX: Went out like a light.

ACE: He reminds me of my brother. He's been here all this time. Had hardly a scrap to eat. No wonder he's in such a state.

HEX: And all the while he's been expecting the Germans to come back.

ACE: If they were ever here.

HEX: What?

ACE: You heard him. He said it wasn't the Germans who attacked.

HEX: He was just delirious. He didn't know what he was saying.

ACE: No, I think it's true. I just went outside to look for the graves.

HEX: That's a bit morbid, isn't it? What did you find?

ACE: Dozens of bodies. He buried them under rocks, and not very well either. No spade to dig with, I guess.

HEX: And?

ACE: They were all wearing British uniforms. Don't you see?

HEX: Not really, no.

ACE: There never were any Germans here in the church. I think that Wood's men turned their weapons on each other.

TAYLOR: Do you think they'll follow us, Doctor?

DOCTOR: There are months of research in these documents, Private Taylor. Brook will be rather keen to get them back.

TAYLOR: And why are you so keen to stop him?

DOCTOR: The treatments that Brook has used, the tests, the Hate Room, even the drugs he uses... it's all surprisingly sophisticated.

TAYLOR: Is that a problem?

DOCTOR: It might be if other people get to read his conclusions and try to do more of the same. The power to manipulate minds without a conscience, but do it wisely. It's a most unpleasant cocktail, even in wartime.

Oh. It seems Lieutenant-Colonel Brook and the others are right behind us.

ACE: Hex, I thought I saw movement.

HEX: Germans?

ACE: Does it matter? It just takes one trigger-happy soldier to shoot first and not even bother asking questions later.

HEX: We'd better wake Dixon up.

ACE: Hang on a minute.

(Distant sound of motorcycle.)

HEX: What ?

ACE: I can hear something. Let's have a look. It's a motorbike. Going hell for leather. Oh, blimey! I think it's the Doctor!

HEX: What ?

ACE: He's hanging on for grim life. Can't see who's actually in front. Oh no. He's being pursued.

HEX: Sounds about par for the course.

ACE: I'll go and get him. You stay here.

DOCTOR: It's all right, Private. Not far to go now.

(Motorcycle stops.)

TAYLOR: Just as well, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Come on.

ACE: Doctor. Over here.

DOCTOR: Ace. Where's Hex?

ACE: Upstairs. We've found another survivor, Private Dixon. Who's following you?

DOCTOR: Lieutenant-Colonel Brook. Let's have a word with that soldier of yours.

DIXON: Who... who are you?

HEX: Peter, calm down. This is the Doctor. He's here to help.

DOCTOR: What happened here, Private?

DIXON: Everyone's dead. Kill the Boche. Kill them all. Kill them!

ACE: But there were no Germans here. You said so yourself.

DIXON: What's going on?

TAYLOR: Doctor, Brook's here.

DIXON: No. I'm not going back.

HEX: Look, it's all right. Try to calm down.

ACE: You're safe with us.

DIXON: I'm not going back there.

HEX: Dixon, no. Peter, come back!

ACE: It's no good.

DOCTOR: Poor fellow. The last survivor of Brook's experiment.

ACE: It was a massacre. I think they killed each other.

DOCTOR: Yes. I suspect that might be the case. Brook's conditioning drove them to breaking point. He has a lot to answer for.

BROOK: Lance-Corporal Burridge, I take it you remember this place?

BURRIDGE: Sir.

BROOK: Your knowledge could be vital.

BURRIDGE: Sir!

BROOK: Great Heavens, it's Private Dixon. Bring him over here, Lance-Corporal.

BURRIDGE: Sir.

BROOK: So, Private Dixon, despite everything you survived.

DIXON: Yes. Yes, sir.

BROOK: Is the Doctor in the church?

DIXON: Yes, sir.

BROOK: Well, make yourself useful, man. Fall in! Burridge? Go round to the rear of the building. Make sure the Doctor and the others can't escape.

BURRIDGE: Sir.

BROOK: Doctor? We're in position now. There's no escape.

DOCTOR [OC]: I can see that, yes.

BROOK: Hand over the research.

DOCTOR [OC]: We've been through all this, Brook.

BROOK: If you don't, I will have you all shot.

DOCTOR [OC]: Two problems with that. Firstly, the moment one of your men fires, your research will be destroyed. Taylor here has a matchbox and he's not afraid to use it. Secondly, any gunfire will almost certainly bring enemy forces towards us. Ace tells me that she has spotted German soldiers on patrol.

BROOK: I don't think you understand how important that paperwork is.

DOCTOR [OC]: Actually, I think I do. I know that the British Army is facing many difficulties and obstacles, but desperate times do not always justify desperate measures.

BROOK: We need to make the best use of the resources we have.

DOCTOR [OC]: A human life is not a resource!

BROOK: Even if you destroy what you have, my research will continue. The outcome of the war may depend upon it. Now, hand over the documents!

DOCTOR [OC]: Killing us will not disguise the wickedness of your project, Lieutenant-Colonel!

BROOK: Very well, Doctor. I'm sorry. Open fire.

(Shots fired.)

BROOK [OC]: Cease firing!

(A final gunshot.)

DOCTOR: Private Taylor, would you mind doing the honours?

TAYLOR: It would be a pleasure, Doctor. (match struck) Brook's always going on about doing the right thing. I finally think I am.

BROOK [OC]: Cease firing.

DOCTOR: Good man. Ace, what's happening out there?

BROOK [OC]: Cease firing!

ACE: Brook's shouting at his men. I think he's finding it hard to control them. And I can see Germans in the

distance. A whole line of them.
DOCTOR: Alerted by this racket, of course. Ah!
BROOK [OC]: Cease firing!
DOCTOR: That was close.
HEX: I think they've spotted the enemy soldiers.
TAYLOR: Doc, what are we going to do?
BURRIDGE: You're going to die.
DOCTOR: Ah, Lance-Corporal Burridge.
BROOK [OC]: Cease firing!
DOCTOR: I didn't hear you come in.
BURRIDGE: No you didn't.
BROOK [OC]: Stop!
BURRIDGE: I'm a good soldier, you see.
BROOK [OC]: Cease firing.
BURRIDGE: I'm going to prove it to the Lieutenant-Colonel.
ACE: By shooting us all?
BURRIDGE: If I have to.
BROOK [OC]: I said cease firing.
BURRIDGE: Just doing my duty.
BROOK [OC]: Cease firing, man!
BURRIDGE: Line up, all of ya.

BROOK: Dixon, cease firing. Cease firing! What's got into you, man?
DIXON: We shoot at our enemies, don't we, sir? That's what we're trained to do.
BROOK: You're trained to follow orders.
DIXON: I don't care about orders any more. You left me to die.
BROOK: I sent over some men, brought back as many survivors as I could.
DIXON: But what went wrong, eh? My mate Tom, he went mad, shooting at his mates.
BROOK: There are always accidents, Private. The Fritzes must have heard us by now. It was foolishness venturing out here like this. We will pull back.
DIXON: You said we were here to kill the Doctor.
BROOK: We came here to retrieve the documents, but they've been destroyed. We must get back to the hospital.
DIXON: There's still time, and if we get into that church we can polish off those Boche an' all.
BROOK: Private Dixon. I know you've been through a lot, but our priority now is to retreat to safety.
DIXON: Sounds like cowardice.
BROOK: What? Don't be ridiculous, man.
DIXON: We're staying, sir. If this Doctor is a traitor like you say, we've got to sort him out.
BROOK: Listen, all of you. This is a direct order. We must retreat. You will do what I say!
(Whistle blown.)
BROOK: We must get away from here.
DIXON: No, sir, don't.
(Whistle blown.)
BROOK: You will obey me, for King and
DIXON: Kill the Boche! Kill them all! Kill them, all!
BROOK: No Dixon, I didn't mean...
(Three shots fired.)
BROOK: What have you done? I...
(Thud.)
DIXON: My duty. Come on, let's take that church.

DOCTOR: This is becoming something of a Groundhog Day, Lance-Corporal Burridge. I take it you want us to line up so you can shoot us?
BURRIDGE: You can stand where you want. No skin off my nose. Make your peace with your Mak...
(Shot fired, thud.)
DOCTOR: Ah! Captain Dudgeon. Timely rescue.
ACE: What the hell are you doing here? Not that I'm not pleased to see you.
DUDGEON: I wondered... I wondered if you could do with a hand.
DOCTOR: I thought you'd made up your mind not to...
DUDGEON: I changed it.
HEX: How did you get here?
DUDGEON: I put on a different jacket, pulled a cap down over my face. No one ever looks at the driver.
TAYLOR: I don't believe it, Cap. You drove Brook and his men all the way here in a ruddy three-ton truck?

DUDGEON: Don't mind telling you, old chap, the old heart was going pit-a-pat. Thought they'd twig at any moment. All I could hear was Brook and Burrige giving them all a rollicking .

HEX: You shot Burrige.

DUDGEON: He was about to shoot you. You'd be goners if I hadn't come along.

ACE: We might still be if we stand here yapping all day.

DOCTOR: Come on, then.

DIXON: Fan out, lads. Search everywhere. We'll soon find them.

(Shot fired, a man cries out.)

DIXON: Damn Germans. Fritzes outside, lads. Take your positions and fire at will.

SOLDIER: Get the Boche!

(Lots of shooting and shouting.)

DIXON: Keep firing. Kill them. Kill them all!

SOLDIER: Grenade!

(Boom!)

DUDGEON: I never thought I'd be so pleased to see this place.

DOCTOR: Charnage Hospital should be somewhere where the ill and the damaged are made better. Without Brook, it can be again.

DUDGEON: I don't agree with Brook's methods, but if it was possible to develop better, more aggressive soldiers, perhaps the war would be over more quickly.

DOCTOR: Brook wasn't developing more aggressive soldiers. He was creating uncontrollable psychopaths.

DUDGEON: Yes. I was only subjected to his treatment for a few hours, but when the moment came, when you were threatened by Burrige, I shot him without a moment's thought.

TAYLOR: But you saved us.

DUDGEON: Yes I did, but at what cost?

DOCTOR: Hex was subjected to the same procedure. Oh, I wonder if there'll be any long-term effects on him.

DUDGEON: When the time is right I'll send a telegram to Lance-Corporal Burrige's family, tell them he died bravely as a soldier.

DOCTOR: You were sent here to investigate the hospital?

DUDGEON: That's right. One last chance to redeem myself, to prove to myself and my superiors that I'm not a coward.

TAYLOR: Kept that quiet, Cap.

DUDGEON: I didn't know who I could trust. For a while I wondered if the Doctor had been sent to check up on me.

DOCTOR: Everything that happened in Charnage Hospital was beyond the remit of the Army, Private Taylor.

DUDGEON: Indeed. I think Brook only tolerated your presence, Doctor, because the staff and the patients had to think everything was above board.

DOCTOR: He must have suspected me all along.

DUDGEON: I'm sure he was looking for an opportunity to dispose of you and your assistants. Quietly of course.

TAYLOR: What about us, Doctor? We've been doing the paperwork, the Morning Hate, for so long now. Will we be all right?

DOCTOR: Time heals all wounds, Taylor, and it will with yours. I know things will be better than they were.

DUDGEON: Then I for one am grateful for that. There's much about this world I still don't understand, Doctor, this world and the next, but I decided I could no longer use that as a reason to do nothing. When bad men combine, the good must associate.

DOCTOR: Else they will fall one by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle.

[18th century philosopher Edmund Burke.]

DUDGEON: Mm. Well, I'd better let Base know what's been going on here, they'll be waiting to hear from me. You coming, Taylor?

TAYLOR: Er, I'd just like a moment with the Doctor. I'll catch you up.

DUDGEON: All right. Goodbye, Doctor. Oh, and give my regards to your lady friend, Ace. She's quite something.

DOCTOR: (laughs) She certainly is. So, Private Taylor.

TAYLOR: Doctor, I... I killed Sergeant Wood, didn't I?

DOCTOR: Ah. Well, that's what the evidence seems to point to. I'm sorry.

TAYLOR: But I don't remember any of it.

DOCTOR: You were manipulated, Private Taylor. Your mind was not your own.

TAYLOR: But I stabbed him. I ended another man's life.

DOCTOR: They were your hands, but it wasn't your choice. You didn't kill Sergeant Wood, Brook did. He manipulated you to the end, Private Taylor. I don't pretend that it won't be difficult to live with, but you need to

remember that you were just being used as a weapon.

TAYLOR: I'll try. I shall tell my Lily all about you, Doctor. I'm not sure she'll believe a word of it, mind, but ... (sigh) What a story.

DOCTOR: Make sure you tell her how a Private made a brave decision, disobeyed orders and allowed another man to live. That's the best story you can tell Lily.

TAYLOR: Thank you, Doctor. I will. Goodbye.

ACE: Here he comes.

DOCTOR: It's time we were going.

HEX: Do they survive, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Sorry?

HEX: Private Taylor. Captain Dudgeon. Do they make it to the end of the war?

DOCTOR: I don't know. All I know is that this war ends next year, and that influenza will rip through Europe soon after that.

HEX: I mean, you hear about people dying on the morning of the 11th of November, waiting for the clock to hit eleven, waiting for ceasefire. It's just such a waste.

DOCTOR: Any death is a waste. We could travel to your time, Hex, walk away from the Tardis and be knocked over by a car.

HEX: That's not the same thing.

DOCTOR: Listen, Hex. Everyone we've met is a figure in history. Your history, your past. And as soon as we get back to the Tardis, they will become that once more. Names in books, on letters, in museums, carved on village memorials.

ACE: Talking of letters, I still don't understand how Taylor managed to fake those orders in his sleep.

DOCTOR: I told you, the human mind is an amazing thing. But it's also immensely fragile, easily damaged.

ACE: Amazing or not, he's got one hell of a career as a forger waiting for him back home.

DOCTOR: Really? I was hoping he'd stick with the letters and the poetry. Of course, there is another explanation.

HEX: Which is?

DOCTOR: Something you just said. And there was a phrase Brook used earlier today.

HEX: Which was?

DOCTOR: Never you mind, Mister Hex. But yes, all the psychological trauma Taylor endured, perhaps it did trigger some form of time sensitivity.

ACE: He had a premonition, you mean?

DOCTOR: Perhaps. I did sense that Lieutenant-Colonel Brook's true employers were most interested in such matters. It wasn't their major motivation, but Brook's methods, however clumsy, were throwing up all sorts of things that intrigued them.

HEX: So if Brook wasn't working for the Army, who was he working for?

DOCTOR: I found a letter in Brook's office. It confirmed my worst suspicions. There's a rather nasty little group, motivated by self interest disguised as patriotism, and completely amoral. Call themselves the Forge. Come on. We've got a long walk ahead of us.